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JANUARY 23, 1960

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– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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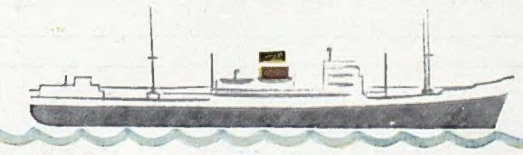

Original of the map, dated 1614, *is in the Library of Congress, U.S.A. This reproduction is made from a copy dated* 1616 *in the Map Room of the British Museum.*

Volume CCXL No. 3112

The SPHERE, London, January 23, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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A SUBURB OF AMSTERDAM IS FLOODED—AFTER A DYKE IS BREACHED: A floating crane is at work sealing the long gap in the dyke of the northern Ij polder. The suburb of Tuindorp-Oostzaan of the Dutch city was flooded last week and only 1,350 people of the 12,600 living there were able to stay in their homes. As soon as water inside the dyke stopped rising, work on sealing the gap started. It was estimated that it would take five days to pump out the 6,500,000 cubic yards of water.

Last week, 11,250 people living in the Tuindorp-Oostzaan suburb of Amsterdam were forced to leave their homes as the icy waters of the North Sea poured through a breach in the dyke protecting the suburb. At first many of them climbed into the lofts of their homes thinking they could remain there. But by nightfall—the dyke having been breached in the early morning—only the upper parts of the houses were visible. The suburb was evacuated and police boats patrolled the streets. Some farmers drove their pigs and cows on to the tops of lesser dykes for safety, but many poultry and smaller animals had to be abandoned. When the water stopped rising, work started on repairing the breach. First sand, then clay and stone were dumped in the gap and after a day of continuous effort the dyke was sealed. It was estimated that five days would be needed to pump the suburb dry and it will be weeks before the evacuees will be able to return to their homes. Rubbish and sewage must be cleared from the streets and houses, using hoses and steam jets to clean them. Only one fatality was reported, a woman of 84. (Further pictures on page 121.)

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A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET,

Help for the Chancellor—Three months is by no means too much time for softening-up even a soft-hearted Chancellor planning a budget, and the Income Tax Payers' Association and the Certified Accountants have already indicated to Mr. Amory the lines on which he should work. I could not have offered better advice myself, as an income-tax payer, and I construe "certified" in its purest sense. No lunacy about these accountants. In brief, Mr. Amory, in April, must

(1) Abolish Schedule A on owner-occupied houses, whatever the snags.
(2) Bring the standard rate of income tax down to 7s. in 1960 and down to 5s. in 1964.
(3) Raise the starting-point for surtax by at least £500. It has remained at £2,000 since 1920, when £2,000 a year was a comfortable fortune and not a minimum wage.

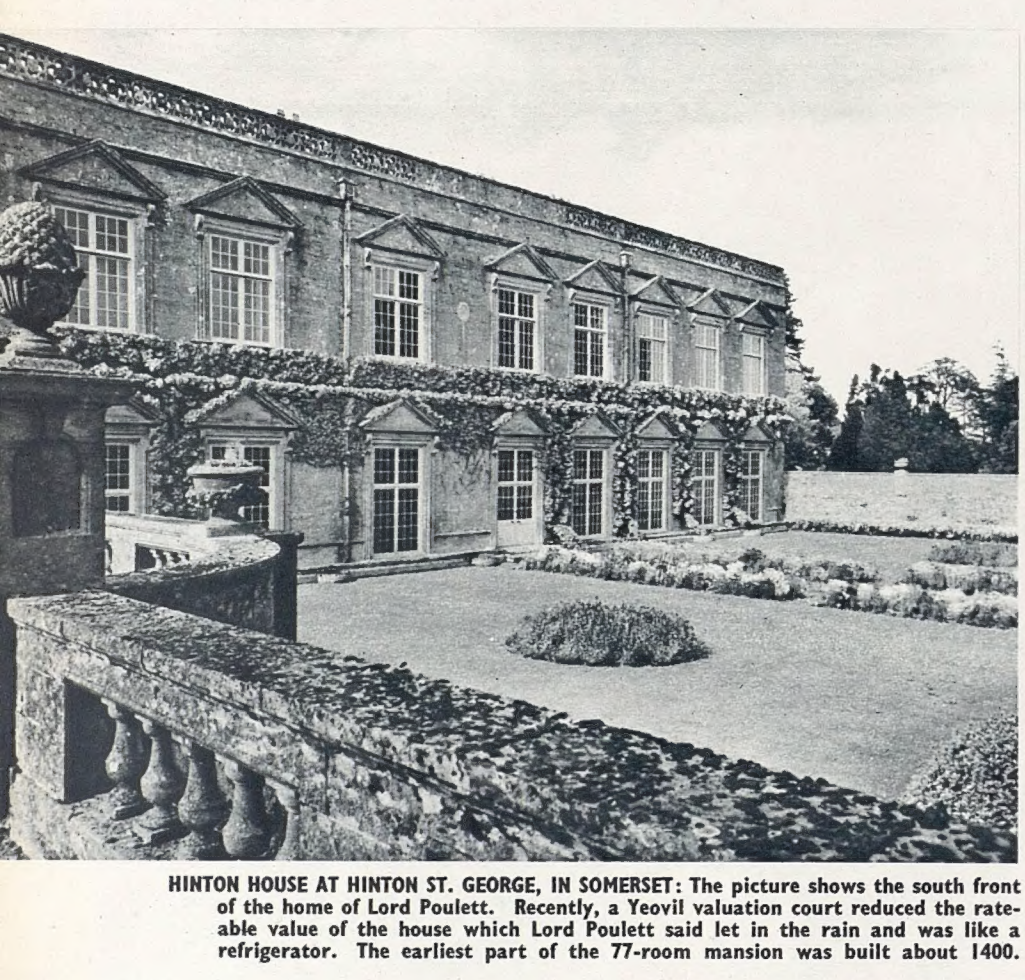
With all this sound sense offered to a Chancellor seeking a right judgment in all things, I agree. If I agree as heartily with the Primate in condemning that loathsome phrase which won Mr. Macmillan the election, "we have never had it so good," if I think that we are becoming a race of money-grubbers, I will admit of no inconsistency. In the matter of income tax and surtax and Schedule A, we must have it *a damned sight better* in April, or Mr. Amory and his red despatch-box must imitate James II and leave these shores, in his own new dinghy. The nation has spoken with one voice, for once in a way.

Labour's Future—*Tribune* has informed Mr. Gaitskell that he may have but nine months more of leadership before him. For, it says, if he persists in putting forward his proposals to amend the Labour constitution by modifying the famous clause on common ownership, and if his amendments be defeated at the Party Conference in October 1960, he must go. He cannot be a leader only of the Party's minority. In the months ahead, *Tribune* confidently warns him, at various conferences strong opposition will openly emerge, and if Mr. Gaitskell persists, October may well see his defeat. What of Mr. Bevan, happily if slowly returning to normal health in hospital? As regards the article in *Tribune*, he surely has the perfect alibi. But it was his great "tight-rope" speech which saved Mr. Gaitskell at Blackpool, and it was anybody's guess at that time what Mr. Bevan thought of Mr. Gaitskell's very sincere modifications in the Great Charter of Socialism, and how he would react if violent hands were laid on the vital clause. Certainly Mr. Bevan once held the view that Socialism without public ownership undiluted was Hamlet without the Prince. But what is policy without the power to enforce it, and where is power without majority votes?

Drink and the Devil—Sixty-six people were killed on our roads on Christmas Eve alone, the highest day total ever recorded. The A.A. "spokesman" said that the figure gives cause for serious concern. He does not exaggerate, and still, as of old, evades the vital issue. In a great part of England there was no frost and a lot of rain. The whole holiday period was mild and wet and proved a great deterrent to taking cars out. It was a stay-indoors Christmas and even pre-Christmas traffic was no more than normal week-end traffic. Christmas Eve the year before was particularly foggy and cold, and there were barely half the fatal accidents of Christmas Eve 1959. Certainly all this gives cause for serious concern. But in the matter of death on the roads concern has long been a very negative quality with the general public and with motorists themselves. We "feel concern" when a typhoon causes havoc in the Far East which we are powerless to avert. Mr. Marples and certain "safety" organisations no doubt use serious concern as a stimulus to positive and practical action and are exploring avenues to that end. Those avenues will yield nothing until the authorities face the truth, even if it hurt the statisticians and the liquor trade, that drink, not necessarily drunkenness, is the prime cause of taking risks on the roads. A Far Eastern typhoon is beyond our power to avert. But not so murder on our roads. It is within the power of motorists every day of the year to diminish this slaughter by the exercise of reasonable common sense, unselfishness, restraint and forethought, and it is within the power of the general public to lash their "serious concern" to practical action and to compel the Government to bring in a law that every motorist found guilty of killing or maiming on the roads through negligence of reasonable precautions shall be automatically suspended from driving for five years or more. It can't have been a very happy Christmas for at least 132 families concerned in these fatal doings.

"Kept in the Family"—The appointment of four new High Court Judges at one fell swoop is a rare occurrence. It is of interest to observe how hereditary these legal distinctions appear so often to be. Mr. Charles Russell is the grandson of a famous Lord Chief Justice and the son of a Lord of Appeal. Mr. Buckley is a younger son of Lord Wrenbury, who was a Lord Justice of Appeal. Coleridges and Lawrences have filled the high places in the Law for generations, and still do so, and I shall be surprised if those names do not very soon once more recruit the Bench. Upjohns, too, go on and on and up, and Travers Humphreys is another hereditary legal name w expected ere this to adorn the Bench again. Her distinctions in various fields are of more interes importance than hereditary titles. The Butler Ramsays, the Huxleys and the Darwins help to generation after generation, our intellectual aris in the fields of science, philosophy, scholarship, forth, as do a limited number of legal names in prudence. Environment and family life no doub their part. The children are early indoctrinated rules of evidence and legal precedents, in the mar science, in logic and scholarship. Even in p families, "shop" is not outlawed during the chil hour, and the hereditary principle is thus encoura politics also.

"Cross-section" Research—Early New Year, in a paragraph called "Don't Sho Organist," I asked the question: "how the devil d B.B.C. know how many people hear or view any item in their programmes?" I received a most fr reply from the Corporation's Publicity Depar enclosing the pamphlet, *How Audience Research* The pamphlet told me a lot. If I remain a dou Thomas in some respects, I may be written-off



HINTON HOUSE AT HINTON ST. GEORGE, IN SOMERSET: The picture shows the south front of the home of Lord Poulett. Recently, a Yeovil valuation court reduced the rateable value of the house which Lord Poulett said let in the rain and was like a refrigerator. The earliest part of the 77-room mansion was built about 1400.

EXCAVATIONS NEAR EASTBOURNE'S WISH TOWER: Workmen prepare the site on the sea-f for the construction of a new sun lounge and café. The Wish Tower (left), whi scheduled as an ancient monument, is one of a chain of Martello towers built when of a Napoleonic invasion were current. The new buildings will not affect the To

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF "THE SPHERE"

The first issue of THE SPHERE *appeared on January* 27, 1900. *Next week's issue* (*January* 30) *will contain a special section illustrating a selection of great events as pictured in* THE SPHERE *over the last sixty years.*

hat individual character is as diverse as finger-prints. f the sexagenarian who cleans the boots or hunts and oots or banks at Coutts can be proved "time and gain" to represent thousands of sexagenarians, we are a ace of mass-produced robots.

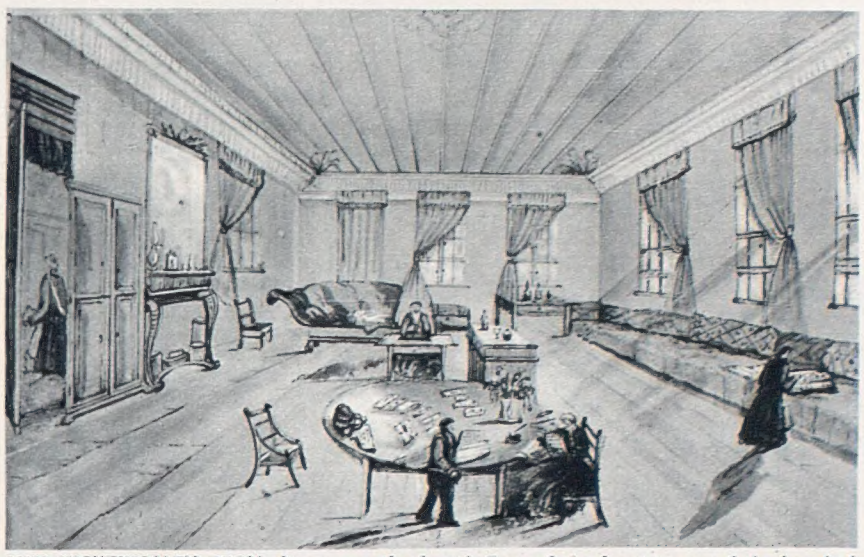
"As Like as Two Peas?"—Among my earest neighbours are several men in my age group, who, ke me, are still partially "occupied" in various ways. should say that they and I are in character and tastes s little alike as chalk, cheese, elephants and fleas. We ometimes discuss books, films, sport and politics, and ery seldom do we agree, and often enough, we privately hink each other deficient in taste and common sense and um each other up as old Blimps or chaw-bacons, or what ot. Some of us, too, are definitely prehistoric and really letest "intrusion." If we are being interviewed or uizzed, our first reaction may sometimes be to quiz r rag the quizzer. That fact suggests that the quizzed ross-section may be a very unreliable guide. For, dmitting that to-day a majority selected by the quizzers eally enjoy their minute of fame and importance (as think they do), a minority does not and tries to wreck he investigation by withholding or distorting the truth, while the majority, enjoying the experience, express themelves too expansively and stutter out nonsense. I do not xpect to be chosen as a day's cross-section. But, if were, I know that my evidence would be unreliable as vidence of the taste of 1,000 of my "kind," and that it would be very unlikely to be reliable about my own onsidered views. I think the Research Department may e much more reasonably accurate in their interviews with hildren between five and nine years old. But as we grow p (I still believe and hope) we tend to become as disinguishable from our neighbours as do the lines on our ingers and thumbs at all times of life. If not, human ife and social intercourse are drab indeed.

"Mid Pleasures and Palaces"...—In ny Victorian boyhood, a vivid memory of the London treets was of a barrel-organ grinder who carried on his nstrument not a monkey but the legend "Viscount Hinton." A pretender without much backing to an ancient house, and looking far from prosperous, he ground out his lamentable tunes and accepted my pennies. I doubt not that he hankered after the life of a nobleman in a fine old country house. Those were the days. These are not the days for noblemen's palaces and parks. Lord Poulett last week successfully impressed the Yeovil Valuation Court with his picture of his ancestral home at Hinton St. George and got a cut of £60 in his rates. He called it a refrigerator and, remembering a Christmas I spent at nearby Montacute in 1899, I can believe him. He painted the lily in his picture very vividly. When not actually freezing, buckets, baths and tubs are set out to catch water dripping from the roof. There is no central heating, and rotting timbers are propped up with posts. The rating officer thought that Lord Poulett's picture of home life at Hinton was exaggeratedly doleful. But Mr. Jones does not live in it. Lord Poulett, for all its faults, loves it still, and wants to continue in occupation. If a cut of £60 a year in overhead will enable him to do so, the Valuation Court has given him leave to try. Not for him, the Woburn Circus. Not for him the Montacute museum. Be it never so chilly, there 's no place like home, and especially so with a home in which one's family has lived for 500 years. There are certainly instances to suggest that rating valuations cannot be made with a footrule alone. The human factor and local conditions must be taken into account.

Better Left Unsaid—A Cambridge Professor of Chemistry recently addressed intelligence officers in Civil Defence at a conference organised by the Home Office. Naturally, he touched on toxic and lethal-gas compounds, and in the course of his lecture he named one such compound which, mixed in beer or cocoa, could produce the "perfect murder." He assured his audience that this compound, if carefully mixed, would kill a victim in twenty minutes and ensure that no evidence would ever be found by the sleuths of the Home Office against the murderer. I don't know whether the Professor rather exceeded his brief in the eyes of the Home Office in stressing the lethal conveniences of this compound. The Home Office and police share the same headache in the business of detecting murderers, and people in Britain are curiously quick to imitate. Murder is quite fashionable, and one thing leads to another. Record-walking, for instance, became fashionable in a matter of weeks, and there are plenty of people on the look-out for less innocent methods of gaining some personal advantage. Naturally Civil Defence is a matter of public importance, and naturally the Press exercised their right and duty to report the meeting. But I think Mr. Butler may have a grievance against both the professor and the Press. Against the professor for disclosing off the record a method of defying detection in murder and against the Press-men for reporting that item only from the professor's learned discourse. As a journalist, I will not contribute to widening the publicity already given to aspiring murderers in search of the "perfect" crime.

THE OLD STAGER

A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICAL AND NURSING PRACTICE: The water-colour of the barrack hospital at Scutari, in 1856, was painted by Anne Ward Morton, one of Florence Nightingale's nurses during the Crimean War. It was recently discovered in a portfolio of her work by her great-nephew in an attic of his home.



MISS NIGHTINGALE'S ROOM: It was on the fourth floor of the front tower of the hospital seen in the picture above. Anne Morton's water-colours and drawings were not great works of art. Her perspective, especially in interior scenes, was often at fault.

"A CORRIDOR IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI": Wounded soldiers and nurses are seen in this passage, converted into a ward because of the appalling influx of casualties. Scutari, now called Uskudar, is on the Asian shore of the Bosporus opposite Istanbul.

The treasure-trove of history may often lie in the neglected possessions of a family, as "The Old Stager" has from time to time reminded his readers on these pages. A recent example of this type of discovery is the portfolio of water-colours and sketches made by one of Florence Nightingale's nurses at her hospital in Turkey during the Crimean War. Anne Ward Morton served as a nurse in the hospital at Scutari from 1855 to 1856. She was a sister of Andrew Morton, A.R.A., and herself possessed an eye for drawing, although her perspective was sometimes faulty.

The portfolio passed to the possession of her niece, Mrs. Ashley, who died in 1940. Her son, Mr. Derek Ashley, was aware that it existed, for from his childhood days he had heard about this collection of his great-aunt's work. Now, at the age of fifty-eight, he has found it. In turning out an attic he came upon the portfolio at the bottom of an old trunk.

Three of the seventy water-colours are reproduced on this page. The exterior of the hospital at Scutari shows a finer sense of perspective than the interior scenes, although it must be remembered that any large building in the days of the Sultanate would almost certainly have been as spacious inside as outside. Historically, the interior scenes may be of great value, since very few records survive of what the wards and rooms at Scutari did look like. In "Miss Nightingale's Room" we see Miss Nightingale herself reading and two other nurses writing.

According to Miss Nightingale, Miss Morton was one of her best nurses, "a constant good influence," and one to be noted for "her faithfulness to her work." Yet she was not endowed with great physical strength.

DEADLOCK ON CYPRUS

Deferment of Independence Date at the Conference in London

THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT OF INDEPENDENT CYPRUS: Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Cypriot leader, sits at the conference table in the Foreign Office in London. He will be the island's Vice-President when it eventually becomes a Republic.

A year ago Cyprus was still torn by strife. Then in February came a remarkable change in the atmosphere. Following the Turkish-Greek rapprochement at Zurich, a conference of all interested parties was held in London and peace restored to the island. Agreements were signed under which Cyprus was to become an independent republic on February 19, 1960, the rights of the Greek and the Turkish Cypriot communities being safeguarded to the satisfaction of both parties. On the island itself the state of emergency, which had been in force since November 1955, was speedily terminated and throughout the rest of the year evolution towards independence steadily progressed. In London last week-end a conference was convened at which it was hoped to settle all outstanding problems before Independence Day. However, on Monday of this week it was announced that the talks had ended without agreement on all these matters and that the date for independence had been deferred by one month to March 19. The question which had caused the deadlock was presumed to be that of the size and nature of the military bases Britain is to retain in Cyprus.

TWO KEY FIGURES IN THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF THE ISLAND: Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus, welcomes Archbishop Makarios, the President-elect, at London Airport. The conference in London last week-end decided to postpone the island's Independence Day from February 19 to March 19.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE OPENING SESSION IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE: From left at the table are: Mr. Julian Amery, Parliamentary Secretary, Colonial Office; Mr. John Profumo, Minister of State, Foreign Office; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd; Sir Knox Helm, British member of the London Committee on Cyprus; and Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus.

REPRESENTATIVE OF AN INTERESTED POWER: Mr. Zorlu, the Turkish Foreign Minister, headed his delegation. He played a major part in the Turkish-Greek rapprochement and the end of the Cyprus emergency last year.

THE GREEK FOREIGN MINISTER: Mr. Averoff (right) spoke for Greece at the conference. It was believed that one of the questions on which delegates could not agree was that of the British military bases in Cyprus.

A DUTCH DYKE BREACHED

Scenes of the Flooding of an Amsterdam Suburb

SEALING THE DYKE: A huge floating crane drops a load of sand into the gap of the dyke in the northern suburb of Amsterdam. When the dyke was breached, the area was flooded and 11,250 people had to be evacuated. After a day's work the 100-yard gap was sealed and work started on pumping out 6,500,000 cubic yards of water.

VISITING THE STRICKEN AREA: Queen Juliana of the Netherlands talks to officials as she tours the flooded suburb of Amsterdam. She also talked to evacuees in temporary accommodation in the city.

EVACUATING THE CITIZENS: Naval inflatable rafts and small boats are used to rescue families. Estimates of the damage were put at "tens of millions of florins." The florin is worth about 2s. Dutch insurance companies are not paying compensation—flooding is not accepted as a risk by them since the 1953 disaster in which 1,835 people died.

IN THE FLOODED SUBURB: Boats are rowed past a bus stranded at the main bus stop in the suburb of Tuindorp-Oostzaan. Over 4,000 people, police, firemen, soldiers, sailors and members of the Red Cross, took part in the rescue operations.

LEAVING THEIR HOMES: In the early morning as the floodwaters start to rise, inhabitants wade through the streets on their way to safety. Many thousands of evacuees were taken in by Amsterdam families. A judicial inquiry, as well as a technical investigation, was set up to inquire into the causes of the disaster.

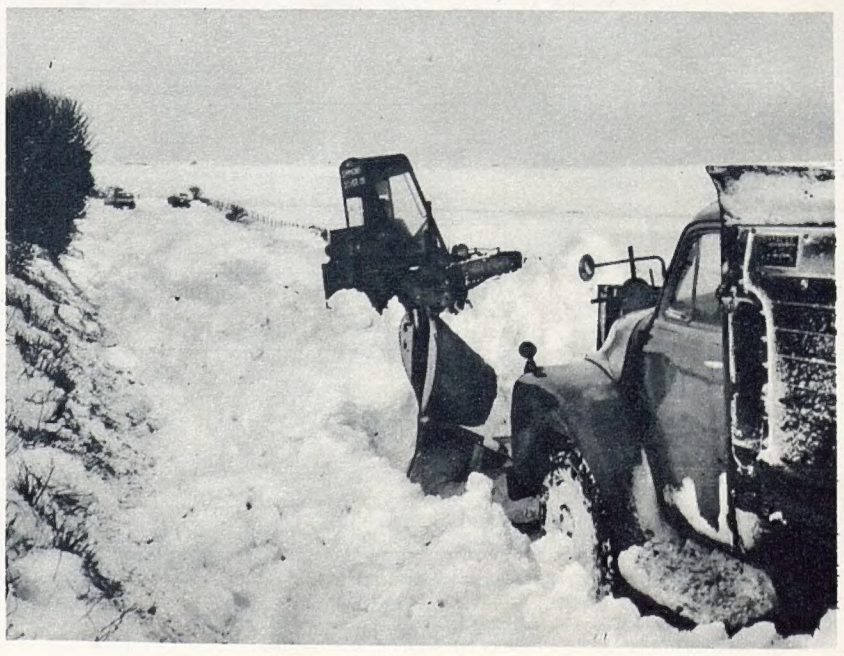
A KENTISH VILLAGE IN THE GRIP OF WINTER: The tiny village near Nackington, south of Canterbury, is seen from the air after one of the heavy snowstorms which affected much of the country last week. By the end of the week, roads in seventy-four counties and shires were covered by snow or ice, and some were blocked; on Sunday evening most were back to normal. Drifts of snow up to 6 ft. deep were reported. Snowploughs were in action on the M.1. motorway where one lane had been blocked.

BLIZZARD OVER BRITAIN

Widespread Snow and Frost Bring Chaos to Many Roads

ABANDONED: Vehicles remain stranded on a road near Ramsgate, after being abandoned by their drivers. According to the weather report from the Air Ministry roof in London, Wednesday night, last week, was the coldest there since February 1956, and the coldest January night for 13 years.

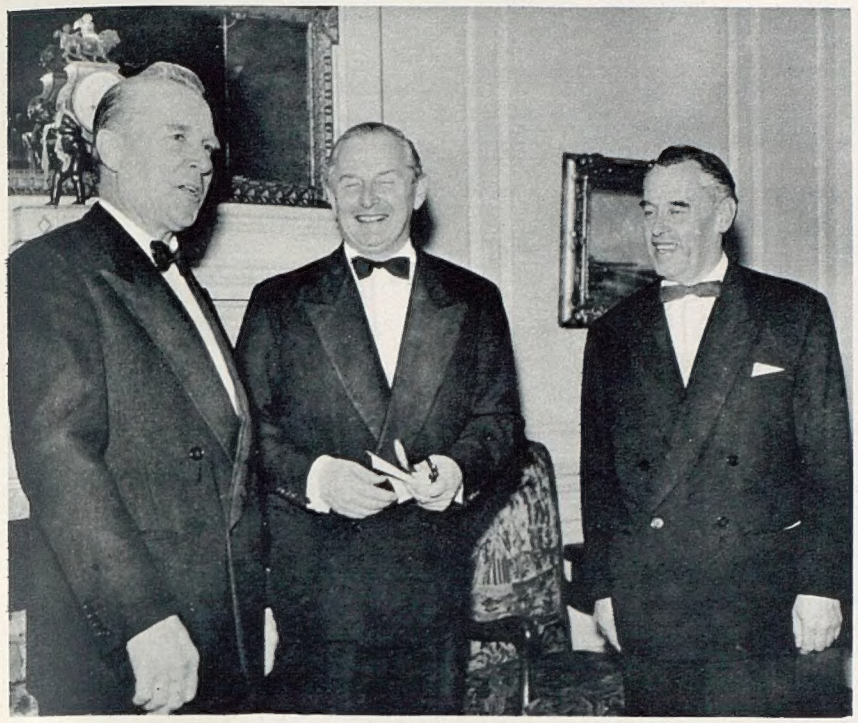
NEAR THE KENT COAST: Several men help to push a car stranded in the snow between Folkestone and Dover. Both towns were cut off by the blizzard, which lasted several hours.



On left—

TO THE RESCUE: A bull-dozer comes to the rescue of a lorry, fitted with a snowplough, on the main road between Dover and Deal. (A picture of London Airport covered in snow is on page 125.)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A CHANGE IN SOVIET REPRESENTATION IN BRITAIN: Mr. Jakob Malik (left) stands with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in the Foreign Secretary's residence in Carlton Gardens in London. On right is Mr. Firyubin, a Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, who was passing through London at the time. The picture was taken before the farewell dinner given by Mr. Lloyd to Mr. Malik after it had been announced that he was to be transferred after six years in the post of Soviet Ambassador in London and return to Moscow. His successor is Mr. Soldatov, a senior official of the Russian Foreign Ministry and Head of the American Department since 1955.

REDUCTIONS IN THE SIZE OF THE RUSSIAN ARMED FORCES: Mr. Khrushchev addresses the Supreme Soviet in Moscow during the speech in which he announced that Russia is to cut its fighting services by 1,200,000 men and women over the period of the next two years, leaving a total of 2,400,000 under arms. He made it clear that Soviet military strength would not be reduced and that in the future Russia would rely increasingly on missiles and submarines. The Soviet Prime Minister drew a picture of an enormous accumulation of nuclear weapons which would enable Russia "literally to obliterate from the face of the earth" any country attacking the U.S.S.R. or an associated state. First reaction in Britain and America was to recall that both countries carried out vast demobilisation programmes in the years just after the war.

OPPOSING VIEWS ON THE FUTURE OF KENYA: Nearly fifty delegates from different sections of the community in Kenya, with Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor, and Mr. Griffith-Jones, the Attorney-General, are present in London for the Kenya Constitutional Conference. *Left*—Mr. Tom Mboya arrives in London. The African Nationalist Leader recently defined the aims of the African elected members as "responsible government in 1960, with one-member geographical constituencies, based on a common roll with universal adult suffrage." *Right* is Group-Captain L. R. Briggs, leading four European-elected members. They represent the Right Wing of political opinion. The opening of the Conference was boycotted by the African-elected members after their wish to include Mr. Koinange as a second special adviser was refused. They met Mr. Macleod later to discuss the position.

On left—

ARRIVING FROM KENYA: Mr. Michael Blundell leaves his airliner at London Airport. He is one of the delegates taking part in the Kenya Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House, and is the leader of the largest delegation, the supporters of the New Kenya Parliamentary Group. Although details of their proposals were not published before the Conference, they seemed likely to strive for some compromise solution.

A DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS IN PERSIA: After police intervention a crowd of rioters run across the square in front of the Department of Education headquarters in Teheran. It was the second demonstration of the day in protest against the introduction of new Education Authority regulations. The police and troops called in to disperse the mob were stoned. About fifty people were injured and approximately eighty arrested. The new regulations, which were passed about five months ago, require students to obtain twelve marks out of twenty to pass their examinations.

A MILITARY FUNERAL IN THE GAZA STRIP: On the shores of the Mediterranean a guard of honour fires a salute as a flame is put to the funeral pyre during the cremation of two Indian soldiers of the United Nations Emergency Force. Officers and men of the Indian contingent form a circle round the pyre. The two soldiers were killed when the U.N.E.F. lorry in which they were travelling was in collision with a train on a level-crossing. Nine other Indian soldiers were injured. The U.N.E.F. in Gaza is commanded by Major-General Premsing Gyani of the Indian Army.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A PROTEST MARCH IN LONDON AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM: Carrying banners decrying Nazism, the marchers leave Marble Arch for the German Embassy. The procession, organised by the Association of Jewish ex-Servicemen and Women last Sunday, walked in silence down Park Lane, through Hamilton Place, into Belgrave Square, where a letter was handed in to the German Embassy. The procession was also intended as a march of mourning for those who died under or fighting against Nazism. Many thousands took part, including a large number of M.P.s and two Mayors of London. Survivors from German concentration camps were present.

PROTESTS IN MANY COUNTRIES AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM: At the Palais de la Mutualité, in Paris, Josephine Baker, the famous Parisian artiste, speaks at a meeting organised by the International League in protest against the recent acts of anti-Semitism which have occurred in Germany and other countries. Demonstrations and meetings against these acts have been held in various European cities.

WESTERN ECONOMIC TALKS IN PARIS: At the Château de la Muette, during the meeting of the delegations of the twenty countries of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, is the British delegation. From left are Mr. Maudling, the President of the Board of Trade; Sir Hugh Ellis-Rees, Member of the U.K. delegation to O.E.E.C.; and Mr. Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The round of talks ended with the twenty countries of O.E.E.C. giving their full approval to the agreements reached by the committee under Mr. Dillon, the American Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. Discussions on the relations of the Six and the Seven trade groups will take place in the new forum—the twenty-country committee including the U.S.A. and Canada. Steps are also being taken to consider an "improved" form of O.E.E.C.

A FAREWELL SPEECH: Behind a battery of microphones Mr. John L. Lewis, the retiring President of the American United Mine Workers, raises his arm in a gesture during his address. Seated beside him, underneath Mr. Lewis's portrait, is Mr. Thomas Kennedy. He was elected to take over the post left vacant by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Kennedy, who is 72 years old, was formerly Vice-President of the United Mine Workers. Mr. Lewis, aged 80 years, was retiring after holding the Presidency for forty years, during which he became a dominant figure in U.S. Labour relations.

EARTHQUAKES IN PERU: Abandoned cars, battered by falling masonry, stand in a side street of Arequipa, Peru's second city. *Left*—Peruvians crowd in front of a house severely damaged in the earthquakes on Wednesday of last week. It was reported that sixty people in Arequipa were killed and thirty others in a hamlet nearby. More than 400 people were treated for injuries. During the day there were three earth tremors and in the night five more. According to estimates, more than 60 per cent. of the buildings in Arequipa, which has a population of 200,000, were damaged. Water and electricity services were interrupted. About 4,000 people slept in the open for fear of further tremors. Large-scale relief operations started immediately. The United States has made a special grant to aid earthquake victims.

SEVERE WEATHER IN BRITAIN: Except where an aircraft has been standing, a layer of snow covers the tarmac at London Airport. Runways, however, were kept clear by the Airport's own snow-ploughs and no flights were cancelled because of the weather conditions. Thirty-eight counties were affected by snow, ice and blizzards, with the home counties, north Norfolk, the West Country and the Midlands among the worst.

On right—

AN EAGLE FOR THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN LONDON? A model of the building which is being erected in Grosvenor Square shows that the façade may include a large model of the American eagle. Some unsubstantiated reports have mentioned that the bird will have a wingspan of 35 ft. and be made of bright metal. But changes have been made in the design, and according to official sources no decision on the eagle has been made by last week.

On left—

THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE U.S. SENATE TO RETIRE: Senator Theodore Green (Democrat, Rhode Island) poses at the entrance to the lift at his residence in Washington, the University Club. At the age of ninety-two, Senator Green is the oldest member of the Senate, past or present. He intimated last week that he would not seek re-election this year, when his fourth six-year term expires. It was only a few years ago that Senator Green gave up wrestling, mountain climbing and high diving.

A LEICESTERSHIRE VILLAGE IS ISOLATED: At Ashby Parva, near Lutterworth, police stand on guard near the spot where three drums of cyanide fell off a lorry. One drum burst and the powder was spilt all over the road. All roads to the village were closed after the accident, which occurred at the beginning of last week. After the village was isolated for a day, the public health officials gave a partial clearance, but there were warnings that the cyanide might have seeped in wells and streams. The village was to be kept under observation and wells and ditches were to be tested for three or four weeks. It is estimated that two grains of the poison will kill a person and that sufficient was spilt to kill 1,000,000 people.

A NEW PAINTING BY SALVADOR DALI: The latest major work by the controversial artist is entitled "Christopher Columbus Discovers America." It is a vast canvas, measuring 14 ft. by 12 ft. It was shown in New York, where it arrived at the turn of the year, having been commissioned for the projected Gallery of Modern Art, which will face the Columbus Circle in Manhattan. The picture, reported the largest ever done by the Spanish artist, is not to be displayed again until the new gallery is formally opened in 1962.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

VIETNAMESE RETURN TO THEIR HOMELAND: Evacuees, mostly from the north-eastern part of Siam, walk along the docks to the ship which took them back to Haiphong, the capital of North Vietnam. A total of 922 Vietnamese were repatriated recently under arrangements made by the representatives of the Siam and North Vietnam Red Cross, who had met in Rangoon. Most of the evacuees had been living in Siam for the last fourteen years or more, and 514 were under the age of eighteen. Recently a number of North Koreans have been repatriated from Japan, travelling in Russian ships.

BACK TO NORTH VIETNAM: A family of refugees waits in Bangkok, Siam, to be taken to the docks. The refugees arrived in the city by train and were taken to Haiphong in North Vietnam by ship, the M.S. *Hoi Ying*.

On right—

THE FORMER FRENCH FINANCE MINISTER: M. Pinay leaves the Elysée Palace after being received by President de Gaulle. The announcement of his resignation from the French Ministry of Finance was made on Wednesday of last week. M. Pinay said that he was giving up politics—at any rate for the time being—but would still be at the country's disposal.

THE NEW FRENCH FINANCE MINISTER: M. Wilfred Baumgartner, for eleven years the Governor of the Bank of France, is M. Pinay's successor. He was asked by General de Gaulle to take the post and had done so "without any joy." It is expected that he will continue the policies instigated by M. Pinay.

ON HOLIDAY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: General de Gaulle walks with his wife and sister-in-law through a street in the village of Celle, near Brignolles, after attending early morning Mass. After a holiday lasting ten days, the French President returned to Paris, where he tackled the problem of the dispute between M. Pinay and the Prime Minister, M. Debré, and other Ministers. M. Pinay was offered a post in the Government as Minister of State without Portfolio. He refused. Later it was announced that he was no longer Finance Minister.

ASSASSINATION PLOT TRIAL IN IRAQ: In the background of the People's Court in Bagdad are the President of the Court and the prosecutors. Facing them, in the centre, are the prisoners, accused of complicity in the attempt last October to assassinate General Kassem, Prime Minister of Iraq. In the dock were twelve men and one woman, part of a group of seventeen of a total of seventy-eight being tried. The four of the group not present were fugitives. Twenty-three people had already been tried in two groups, and the military prosecutor, Colonel Amin, had demanded the death penalty for all of them. During the trial, the United Arab Republic has been accused of complicity in the plot. Persia has also been mentioned. The trial is broadcast on radio and television throughout Iraq.

THE END OF THE STATE OF EMERGENCY IN KENYA: The Governor of the Colony, Sir Patrick Renison, signs the proclamation at Government House, in Nairobi. On the left is the Minister for Legal Affairs in Kenya, Mr. Griffith-Jones, and on the right Mr. W. F. Coutts, the Chief Secretary. The state of emergency and its attendant emergency regulations had governed life in Kenya for more than seven years, ever since their proclamation in October 1952, in face of Mau Mau terrorism. After signing the document, Sir Patrick Renison left last week for London to attend the Kenya Constitutional Conference.

World Affairs

THE RESURGENCE OF THE SWASTIKA

By JOHN CONNELL

IT is not without relevance that our materialist and irreligious epoch has witnessed the most widely spread, the most efficiently organised and the most savage persecution that the Jewish people have ever endured. Their answer to this, and to centuries of sorrow, suffering and exile, has been to re-create the State of Israel. While Israel has lived, armed and vigilant in the midst of her Arab neighbours, in a state of perpetual semi-siege for the past twelve years, it has been not too difficult to convert the hope into the belief that, in Europe and other parts of the civilised world, the devilry of anti-Semitism has been exorcised. Events since Christmas Eve have shattered that comfortable illusion.

The shock has been deepest over Western Germany. To my generation it has inevitably seemed that we have been suddenly and brutally transported back across nearly thirty years to the beginning of the long, loathsome melodrama in which, throughout our young manhood, we were unwilling participants.

This, we have said to ourselves, is how it all began, with a little group of fanatics and hooligans. Shuddering, we have experienced what the psychologists, I believe, describe as " total recall." We have heard the raucous bellowing voices we thought long since silent. We have seen the young faces hardened, corrupt and distorted—and we believed them dead and forgotten. We have heard the clatter of the jackboot, and smelt the foul odour of the concentration camp.

I found myself re-reading one morning, in the dark, chilly, quiet hour that precedes a wintry dawn, the two most dreadful and irrefutable pieces of documentary evidence of Nazi anti-Semitism that I possess: Gerald Reitlinger's pitiless statistical survey, *The Final Solution*; and the autobiography of Rudolf Hoess, the Commandant of Auschwitz, who admitted responsibility for the gassing of some two million Jews during his tenure of this post, and who subsequently wrote " I was no longer happy in Auschwitz once the mass exterminations had begun."

Many of us have striven assiduously to believe that the evil doctrines and practices whose logical end was Herr Hoess's gas-ovens in the blossom-laden cherry orchard (he was especially affected, he recorded, by seeing a weeping woman trying to hurl her children out of the death-chamber just as its doors were closing, and hearing her shout, " At least let my precious children live ") have been eradicated in that busy, prosperous model State, the Federal Republic of Western Germany; and the idea that they would gain a foothold, however insignificant, in other European countries we have been apt to dismiss as a crude nightmare.

It is highly probable that those taking any active part in the anti-Jewish campaign in Western Germany in the past weeks and months (it must be realised that the Cologne incidents and all the subsequent daubings and desecrations were only the climax of a long series of attacks) were and are a small minority of the German people. But the Jews in Germany to-day are an even smaller minority—a handful of weary and broken survivors of the charnel-house, too lonely, too old and too enfeebled to emigrate, or perhaps held in Germany by the rigidities and complexities of the " restitution " laws which the Germans, under Allied prompting, so reluctantly devised.

These poor folk constitute less of a " problem " than, say the Doukhobors in Western Canada. Their life-in-death is obscure and sad and utterly harmless to their neighbours. It is unlikely that the average young German of twenty or thereabouts has ever seen a Jew in his life. The origin and motives of the current outburst are therefore difficult to apprehend.

Yet it is not a phenomenon to be considered in isolation, and in respect of Western Germany only. Why should its manifestations be imitated so swiftly, so precisely, and over so wide an area in a great many other countries, in which it is habitual to believe that anti-Semitism does not exist, whose social code is tolerant and non-discriminatory?

Any responsible observer of, or commentator on, current affairs must be on guard against variants of the conspiratorial theory of history. To succumb to the temptation to explain world events by the machinations of an international ring of armament-makers, or the plots of the bankers of Wall Street in alliance with war-crazy generals in the Pentagon, or the sinister schemes laid down in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, is to tumble into a morass of hatred, suspicion and sheer, perverse—and usually boring—nonsense.

It seems rational common sense to think that the worldwide publicity fortuitously accorded to a minor piece of ugliness, only too painfully familiar to the remnant of German Jewry, but of itself the work of a small, unrepresentative, extremist wing, set off a series of reactions among small, similar groups of rootless, amoral hooligans and layabouts in other countries. But I cannot rid myself entirely of the suspicion that it goes a good deal deeper—and this in spite of my obvious and stubborn dislike of all the conspiratorial theories.

For the common-sense explanation leaves several quite pertinent questions unanswered. Why were there so many unpleasant episodes reported from areas such as the Scandinavian countries, which are notably free, in the ordinary way, of all the taint of racialism? Has anyone dispassionately pondered the pattern of events in the United Kingdom, step by step? Are semi-moronic hooligans, illiterate and brutish, capable of the secret planning, the timing and the disciplined execution of the various incidents which occurred? Is the kind of youth who, with a razor or a cosh, sets about an inoffensive Jamaican carpenter or bus-conductor in the back streets of North Kensington immediately familiar with the official address of the Chief Rabbi, the offices of *The Jewish Chronicle*, or the private telephone number of the Head of Jews' College? The first hooligan—if that is what he was—who scrawled abuse on the wall of a Notting Hill synagogue obviously did not know a word of German; but the crude mis-spellings of his slogan were quickly corrected elsewhere.

The reports of the telephone conversations were, in my opinion, extremely interesting and were not—except perhaps by the recipients of these nasty attentions—subjected to the careful scrutiny they deserved. A " cultured " voice was mentioned every time, however insulting or murderous the message. Was it one voice or several? And did anyone else besides myself notice a common factor in all these intrusions? In every instance the victim, whether Jewish or Gentile, was someone known to be a Zionist and a supporter and friend of Israel.

Is it not just conceivable that the whole campaign has a single origin, and a central organisation and direction, not in Western Germany and not in the Soviet Union, but in the United Arab Republic, and that it is as much a method of political attack on Israel as is the economic boycott and the arbitrary control of shipping in the Suez Canal?

This is not, I may say, a theory evolved in solitude by the notorious Zionist crank and propagandist, John Connell, but is a possible explanation based on a good deal of fairly hard evidence. It is stated that there is working in the Egyptian Ministry of Information and Propaganda, under an assumed Egyptian name, a former Nazi. He is further believed to have emigrated first from Germany to the Argentine and built up a quite formidable anti-Jewish campaign there; officials of the Arab League got in touch with him in Buenos Aires last year.

In Cairo he is thought to be working closely with the Arab League, and is said to have been able to found a series of associations in Europe, with the general title of the Neo-Socialist European Movement, with former Nazis or Nazi sympathisers as section heads. Two of its more active centres are supposed to be in Sweden and Denmark. It all fits together quite snugly—perhaps, I am willing to concede, too snugly. But tangible clues are rare in this murky business, and any that exist ought, in my view, to be pursued energetically.

I do not believe that vague, high-sounding exhortations are enough. Impeccable as were the sentiments expressed in a letter to *The Times* last week, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, two Free Church leaders and the Chief Rabbi, I think some more vigorous and positive action is needed. All over Europe individual offenders—the louts with the paintbrushes and the urbane anonymous gentry who utter threats over the telephone—should be discovered and punished, and their precious " cells " should be broken up by the police.

It is interesting and of not a little historical significance that the Government of Israel has sent Notes of firm and courteous protest to the Governments of countries—including the United Kingdom—in which these outbreaks of anti-Semitism have occurred. For the first time in many centuries the Jews of the Diaspora have a lawfully-established sovereign State, in the old terminology " a Protecting Power," to defend their liberties and their interests in a time of trouble. To a Zionist and a friend of Israel such as myself there is cause for pride and a grim sort of pleasure in such a development. This, after all, is what Zionism has been about: the evil phrase, " Stateless Jew," has no meaning now. The menaced are not utterly helpless and alone. Israel speaks and stands in her people's defence, but she ought, of course, to be speaking for the conscience of the whole world.

For anti-Semitism is not the Jews' problem. It is Christendom's disease, and it is for Christians to find the cure. When we realise this simple fact, we at least begin to grapple with the devilry.

DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM AND NEO-NAZISM: In West Berlin, Herr Lippschitz, the Senator for the Interior, addresses more than 20,000 young people. They took part in a torchlight parade in protest against the recent anti-Semitic acts in Germany. He challenged the perpetrators to leave their " rat-holes " ; the youth of Berlin would know how to deal with them. *Left*—In Rome, the Jewish community holds a protest meeting against the wave of incidents.

THE FIRST STAGE OF MR. MACMILLAN'S AFRICAN TOUR: In Ghana, he and Lady Macmillan see plans for the future of the country at the Second Development Exhibition. From left are Lady Dorothy; Mr. Kofi Baako, Minister of Education; Mr. Macmillan; Mr. Agyarko; and Mr. Gbedemah, Minister of Finance. After Ghana, Mr. Macmillan went to Nigeria and then to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

GHANA TO NIGERIA

Stages in Mr. Macmillan's Tour of Africa

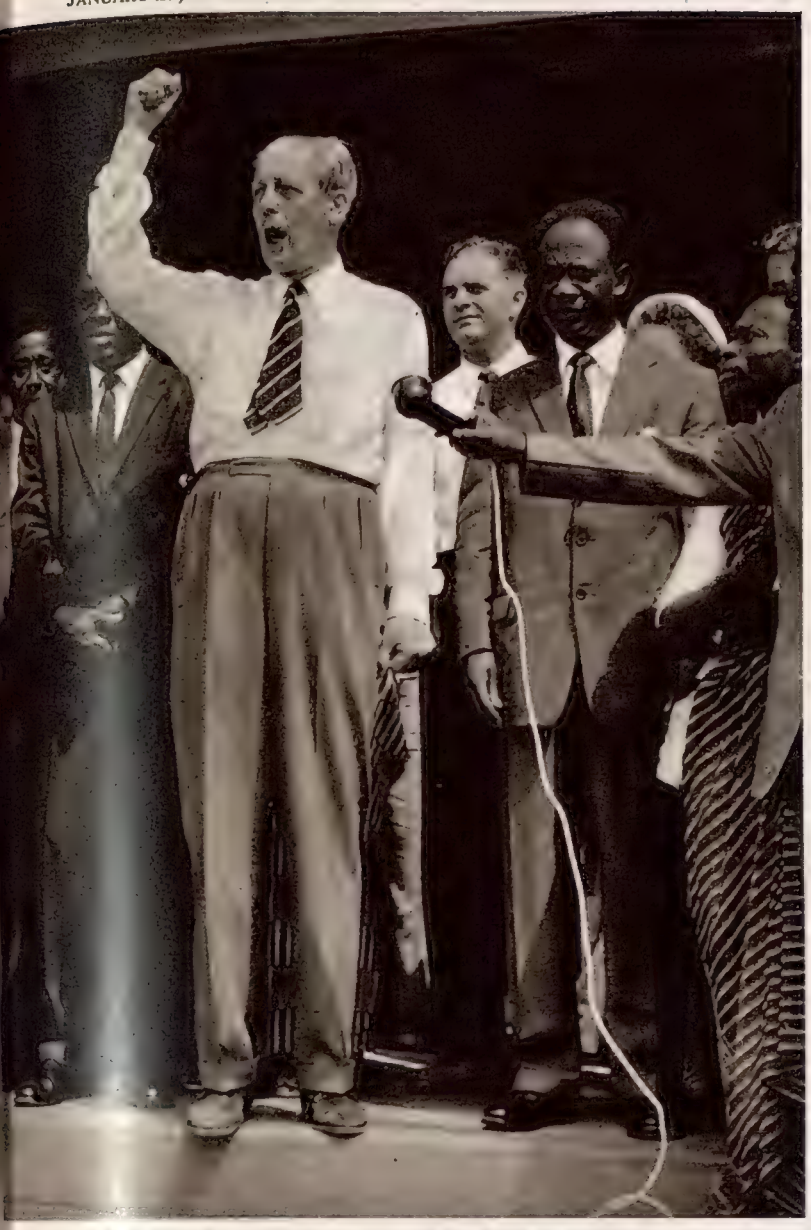
By the second week of his African tour, Mr. Macmillan was in Nigeria for a busy period of many engagements lasting seven days. After the more leisurely tour of Ghana, he arrived at Lagos Airport with Lady Dorothy Macmillan and was enthusiastically greeted by crowds which lined the route of the long drive into the city centre. While he was in Accra, Mr. Macmillan, speaking at a State banquet, said: "We share the strong tide of feeling among Africans that this is a time of destiny . . . the wind of change is blowing right through Africa."

During his tour of Nigeria, the Prime Minister saw and heard much about the country's preparations for her imminent independence. A basic problem of this step is finance; there were private discussions between Mr. Macmillan and the Nigerian Prime Minister about economic aid for Nigeria's seven-year development programme. That the Nigerians feel strongly about their coming sovereignty was made evident when the Nigerian Prime Minister referred to the ideas of joining the emergent West African States into a union. He made it clear that Nigeria did not at the moment want such a union.

Mr. Macmillan, while in Nigeria, spoke about the future of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (the next stage in his tour). He stated that before ultimate British responsibility over Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia was removed, they would be given the chance to decide whether the Federation was beneficial to them.

CHILDREN OF GHANA: Lady Dorothy Macmillan is seen with the staff and children of an "orphans' home" in Accra. She was entertained during her visit by singing and dancing. During their short tour, Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy saw many aspects of life in Ghana.

THE PRIME MINISTER INFORMALLY DRESSED: In his shirt-sleeves, Mr. Macmillan admire a wooden sculpture, the work of a student in the Achimota Secondary School. On th extreme right of the picture is the Ghanaian Minister of Education, Mr. Kofi Baak



ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL: Mr. Macmillan raises his hand to emphasise a point during his speech at Achimota School, in Accra. On his right, behind his arm, is Mr. Daniel Chapman, Principal of the school, and on Mr. Macmillan's left is Dr. Nkrumah.

ARRIVING FOR THE SECOND STAGE OF HIS TOUR: Mr. Macmillan acknowledges the cheers of the enthusiastic Nigerian crowds as he rides from the airport into Lagos. The route of the 12-mile drive was lined with many thousands of cheering people, many of them waving flags.

ON THE AIRFIELD AT LAGOS: From left are the Prime Minister of the Federation of Nigeria, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa; Mr. Macmillan; the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson; and Major-General N. L. Foster, who is the General Officer Commanding, Nigerian Military Forces.

THE OFFICIAL WELCOME: At the airport, Mr. Macmillan replies to the address of welcome delivered by the Nigerian Prime Minister (behind). Mr. Macmillan's hat rests on a post (right).

THE PRIME MINISTERS SHAKE HANDS: At Lagos Airport, between Mr. Macmillan and Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, is the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson. After inspecting a guard of honour mounted by the 3rd Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment, Mr. Macmillan was introduced to members of the Nigerian Council of Ministers.

CONTINUED SHELLING OF THE QUEMOYS

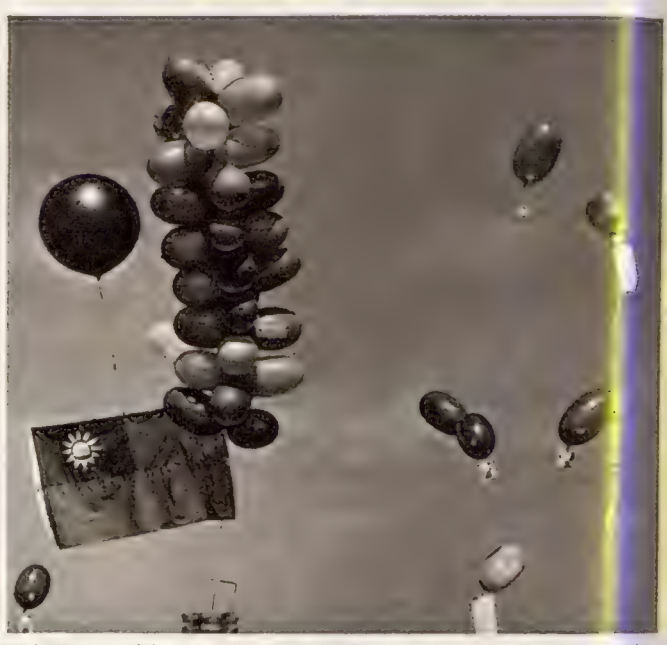
The Fighting Between the Chinese Communists and Nationalists

The patterns of warfare take many different forms to-day. Possibly one of the more bizarre is that enacted between the Chinese Communist regime, which rules the mainland and approaching 600,000,000 people, and the Chinese Nationalists under General Chiang Kai-shek, on Formosa and the offshore islands—about 7,500,000. Reliable statistics about the progress of the fighting are hard to obtain, since much of the warfare is conducted by propaganda means. But according to sources from Taipeh, on Formosa, over 600,000 shells landed on the offshore islands in a year. The result of the bombardment, which is one of the most sustained in history, is that the Quemoys have become riddled with underground passages, dug-outs and other fortifications.

In the first fortnight of this year, it was reported that the Communists had fired on the Quemoys only twice, both times on days with an odd date. This accords with the promise made by Marshal Peng Teh-Huai in October, 1958 that he had ordered his artillery not to shell on even dates "so that compatriots, both military and civilian, on the islands of Quemoy, Little Quemoy, Tatan, Ertan, and others may get sufficient supplies, including food, fuel, and military equipment, to facilitate their entrenchment for a long time to come." This has formed the pattern ever since, with clashes between aircraft and surface vessels of the two sides.

For their part, the Nationalists have been conducting an elaborate campaign of psychological warfare, sending leaflets and propaganda to the mainland in balloons and shells, and in floats in the water. The Nationalist Chinese air force has broadcast appeals to the mainland asking Communist pilots to defect, and giving instructions on how to fly safely to Formosa. They offer a reward of 500 ounces of gold to a Communist pilot who defects with a MiG-17 and 800 ounces for the later version, the MiG-19. Recently there were reports that a Communist Chinese MiG jet fighter had crash-landed on Formosa pursued by other Communist aircraft. The pilot was dead at the controls. Both he and his aircraft were badly burnt.

ON GUARD ON ONE OF THE QUEMOY ISLANDS: A Chinese soldier of General Chiang Kai-shek's forces stands in a bunker looking out towards the mainland visible through the gap in the concrete. Fighting between the Nationalist Chinese, holding the Quemoy islands and Formosa, and the Chinese Communist regime has continued in a sporadic fashion, with occasional bombardments.



MESSAGES BY BALLOONS: *Left*—On Quemoy a psychological warfare team fill balloons with gas and attach leaflets condemning the Communist regime. *Right*—The balloons are released to float over the mainland, carrying messages, leaflets and a Nationalist flag. Propaganda is also transmitted by radio loudspeakers on the offshore islands. Leaflets are fired across the narrow strip of water in shells.

PREPARING FOR A TOUR OF DUTY: Chinese infantry practise their marksmanship on a rifle range on Formosa, General Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters, before they are sent to the Quemoy islands for a spell of duty in the underground fortifications.

THE RESULT OF THE LONG BOMBARDMENT: The houses of a small village on one of the Quemoys lie in ruins. Sporadic artillery fire on the islands has continued ever since the mammoth bombardment, which was launched by the Communists in August, 1958.

POPTON POINT TERMINAL

A Development for Tankers Near Milford Haven

In about six months' time Britain's second terminal, capable of dealing with the largest oil tankers in the world, will begin operations. The first super-tanker terminal, at Finnart, on Loch Long, was officially inaugurated last June. The new one, bigger than the first, is near Milford Haven, at Popton Point, in Angle Bay, Pembrokeshire. Like Finnart, it is owned by the British Petroleum Company Limited. Work began at the end of 1957. The jetty, which is rapidly nearing completion, has two berths each capable of accommodating a 100,000-ton super-tanker. A pier connects it with the shore where the administrative offices for the terminal stand. BP have converted Popton Fort, which was built in 1863, for use as offices.

Oil unloaded from the tankers at Popton Point will be pumped to storage tanks at Kilpaison Farm, which is about 1½ miles away. From there, it will be piped to BP's Llandarcy refinery, near Swansea. This pipeline is 60 miles long and is another part of the development. It was completed last November and will have a yearly capacity of approximately 5,000,000 tons of petroleum. Some 1,300 men are employed at Popton Point and the project will cost in the region of £6,500,000.

On the north side of Angle Bay, the opposite shore from the BP development, and to the west of Milford Haven, the Esso Petroleum Company Limited are proceeding with another project. They started work in July 1958, and are building a huge refinery as well as a tanker terminal. Their jetty, like BP's, can take two 100,000-ton vessels. It is scheduled to be completed in September of this year.

A TERMINAL FOR TANKERS AT POPTON POINT, PEMBROKESHIRE: *Above*—On the shore, in the foreground, is Popton Fort, which will be the administrative centre of the British Petroleum Co. Ltd. terminal. In the grounds are storage tanks for bunker fuel. Parallel with the shore is the jetty which will be capable of berthing two super-tankers. In the background is Milford Haven. *Below* is another view of the BP project. On the other side of the bay is the refinery and tanker terminal being developed by Esso Petroleum Co. Ltd.

INCREASING A SHIP'S CARGO CAPACITY: In the left foreground is a specially constructed section which is to be fitted amidships into the *Prins Casimir* behind. The motor vessel is split into two parts. The new section was launched on Saturday of last week, and the final fitting of the section began afterwards. The work, known as "jumboising," is being carried out at a shipyard at Bolnes, in Holland. *Prins Casimir* is owned by the Orange Line. By increasing the cargo-carrying capacity of the ship, it is expected that she will be more economical to run in the present time of low freight rates.

WORK IN DUTCH SHIPYARDS

A New Section for an Old Ship; Separately-built Superstructure

On right—

AN UNUSUAL METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION: The superstructure of a cargo ship is on a pontoon floating at a wharf on the River Rhine at Lobith, near Arnhem. The *Nieuwe Tonge*, the ship for which the superstructure was built, had just been launched. With a gross tonnage of 20,000, the vessel is said to be the largest ship ever to have been constructed on the Rhine. The building was carried out in this way because the bridges of the River Rhine are too low to allow the passage of a ship of this size complete with superstructure. On the journey downriver to Rotterdam, where fitting-out is now taking place, the superstructure was towed behind the *Nieuwe Tonge*. The work is being carried out by the Dutch company, Verolme United Shipyards.

EXTENSIONS IN VALLETTA: A steel pile is marked for cutting with oxy-acetylene apparatus in the construction of the new quay in the Grand Harbour of Malta.

I THE SEA-BED: Pumps are being used to drain the sea-bed, which is being reclaimed and sealed off by steel piles in the Grand Harbour. The new deep-water quay being built at Valletta will be a mile in length.

NEW BERTHS FOR DEEP-DRAUGHT VESSELS: **The quay begins to take shape. The buildings on it will include transit sheds and a grain silo.** The construction is being undertaken by the Royal Netherlands Harbour Works Company, and it is expected operations will have been completed by the end of April.

A METHOD OF UNLOADING WHICH WILL SOON BECOME OUTMODED: **The S.S. *Nyanza* discharges cargo into lighters in the Grand Harbour. Many lighters were destroyed in the war and few have been replaced, so ships must wait their turns to unload. Soon all vessels will berth at the new quay.**

IMPROVING THE HARBOUR AT MALTA

New Construction in Progress at Valletta

Malta is at present in an unhappy state politically. If the current divisions can be healed there may be promise of at least some economic security for its people. Indications of this can be seen in the work in progress in and around the Grand Harbour at Valletta.

A year ago the British Government announced a five-year plan involving the expenditure of nearly £30,000,000 for economic development projects. The proposals included loans to the British firm of ship repairers, Messrs. Bailey (Malta) Ltd., to whom the naval dockyard was formally transferred in March by the authorities, thus ending 160 years of Admiralty control of the yard.

Another project was the construction of a deep-water harbour in Valletta. The contract for this was awarded in open international competition to the Royal Netherlands Harbour Works Company, of Amsterdam, their tender of £1,979,466 being the lowest submitted.

Materials for the deep-water harbour have been bought in Britain and 2,000 steel piles, each 90 ft. in length, have been driven into the sea-bed to seal off and reclaim a section of the bed. A quay of about a mile in length, which should be completed by the end of next April, will provide berths for deep-draught passenger and cargo vessels, thus doing away with the present practice of unloading such vessels into lighters. On the quay transit sheds and a grain silo will be built.

The dockyard, the deep-water harbour and various other developments should ensure employment to many workers. (At the time of the hand-over of the dockyard last spring there were riots owing to fears of unemployment.) Mercantile as well as naval ships will be attracted to these new facilities and this should compensate in some measure for the inevitable decrease in the importance of the island as a strategic base.

It may be argued that Malta would still have its purpose as a base in limited or localised naval and military operations. This was shown during the Suez intervention of 1956. But it is very doubtful in 1960 whether a localised operation is practicable in the Mediterranean. In a large-scale nuclear war Malta would be very vulnerable.

Above all, what is essential for Malta is the restoration of political stability and of representative government. At the end of last year Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, visited the island. Unfortunately, he arrived on a day which was a public holiday and there were popular hostile demonstrations. However, in his speech at Leeds a fortnight ago in which he surveyed much of Britain's policies in various parts of the Commonwealth, the Colonial Secretary stated that he had undertaken to review future developments in Malta with his colleagues in the Cabinet. He also referred to the sympathy and goodwill which exists between the peoples of Malta and the United Kingdom and declared it would be "a hard thing indeed" if these bonds could not be crystallised into some more satisfactory form of relationship than now exists. All who recall the gallant history of the G.C. island will agree.

C

THE HAZARDS OF WINTER IN ICY SEAS: After passing through a "black frost" the entire superstructure of a fishing vessel is coated with thick ice, all of which must be chipped away by the crew. This picture and the others on these pages were taken aboard the Hull trawler *Swanella* (823 tons) off the north coast of Norway during a voyage this winter.

THE NETS GO OUT: Trawling operations beg... About two-thirds of the fish landed in Britain comes ...om "distant-waters"—from the fishing grounds fa... to the north.

Behind the fish lying on the slabs in fishmongers' shops there is often a story of human endurance pushed to its extreme limits. This is especially the case in wintertime when a voyage in one of the fishery areas of the ocean may mean an unrelenting battle against the elements.

Until about thirty years ago the bulk of the fish landed in Britain came from the "near-waters" or the "middle-waters" of the English Channel, the North and Irish Seas, and the coastal waters of Scotland and Ireland. To-day the situation has changed radically. Some two-thirds of Britain's fish is brought home from "distant-waters," the remote fisheries off Iceland, the west coast of Greenland, Norway and in the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea. The constant dangers which are a routine in such voyages in winter need no stressing, even though every possible aid in equipment is given to the fishermen.

Trawlers are growing larger in size. At the beginning of the century British trawlers were often of less than 100 tons. The modern British trawler may displace 500 or 600 tons. Boats in the distant-waters fleet of the winter of 1959-60 are provided with all kinds of up-to-date aids such as sonar, radar and other navigational devices. It is said that a trawler may carry more electronic and electric equipment than the average ocean-going liner. Power, too, has been improved by the installation of oil-firing.

Nevertheless, the hazards and the hardships remain. One of the worst dangers of winter is the "black frost," a terrifying phenomenon which comes from the distance like a black cloud of steam rising from the sea. Everything it touches is frozen. Thick ice forms on the deck, the rigging, the masts and superstructure of the vessel, and there is a serious threat of capsizing from top-heaviness until the ice has been chipped off and removed. Crews may be out in the Arctic seas for fifteen to twenty-six days at a time, with no more than three days in port for the "turn-round" before the next voyage. The three-week period for the annual survey of the ship is the only lengthy holiday time.

Rewards may be fairly high but they are no more than commensurate with the risks. The captain and mate receive a fixed percentage from the sale of the catch, the crew a fixed wage and a much smaller percentage. A good trawler skipper may earn £4,000 a year, a deck hand in a well-handled ship £1,000 annually.

Large sums have to be offset against costs before any profit can be considered. Each distant-waters trawler operating from Britain—there are about 240 of them at present—may cost £250,000 to build. Purchase of nets and gear requires another £1,000. Fuel for an average trip will work out at about £2,000. To make a profit a boat must bring back a catch worth £5,000 from each trip. Trawling is one of Britain's major industries. The figures for 1958 show that some 7,000,000 cwt. of fish were landed by the distant-waters fleet and sold on the quayside for nearly £22,000,000.

There seems to be no lack of recruits for the crews. The motto of most of those joining the ships is "once a fisherman, always a fisherman." Trawling is the only means of living they know and to carry on their jobs they are prepared to fight tempests and ice and other dangers.

An additional strain was placed upon British fishermen in northern waters a year-and-a-half ago when the dispute over the Icelandic territorial waters became critical. In order to safeguard their own interests, the government in Reykjavik claimed a limit of twelve miles. Britain refused to recognise this and Royal Naval patrols were introduced to protect U.K. trawlers.

The sea still takes its toll of fishermen's lives, as reports in newspapers not infrequently remind us. It is many years since Charles Kingsley wrote his *The Three Fishers*. Conditions of life may have changed in some respects. There is perhaps more than "a little to earn." But "the harbour bar still moans" and the perils of the deep remain.

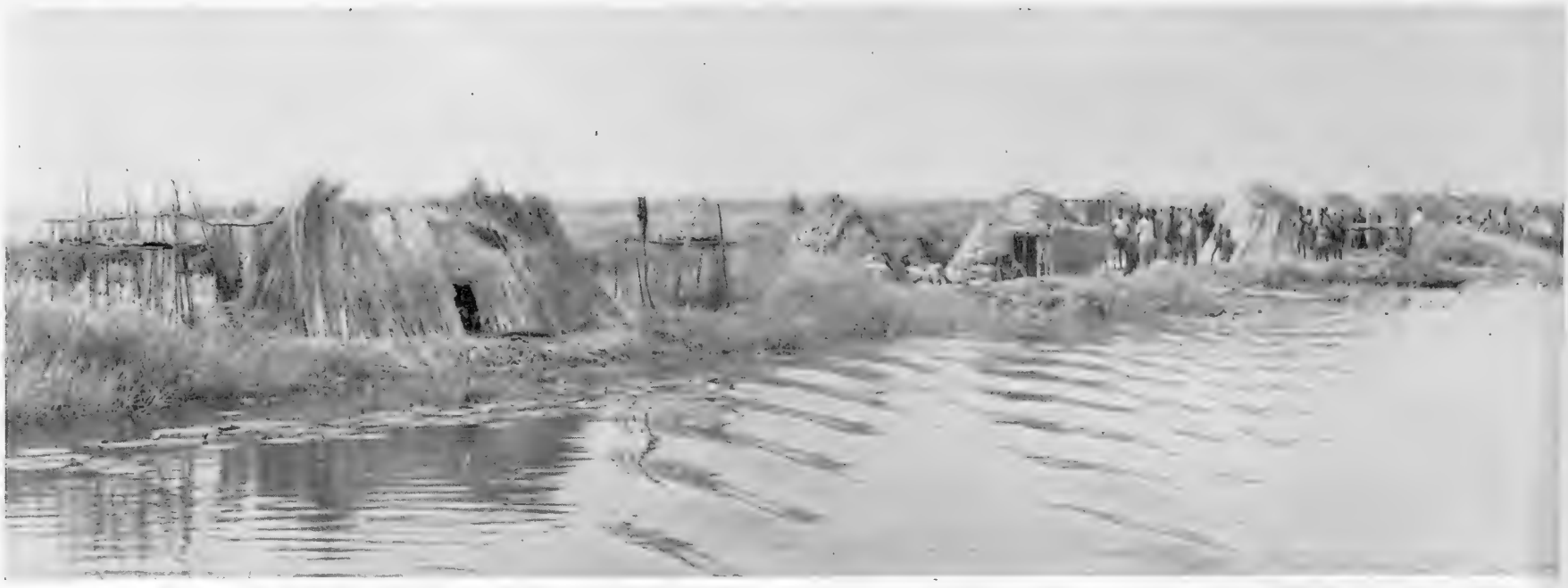
A ROUTINE DUTY IN WINTER: The ice is chipped off the *Swanella*. In winter off the coasts of Iceland, Norway and Greenland and in the White Sea the fishermen are constantly facing the greatest dangers in some of the world's turbulent seas.

BRINGING IN A CATCH: Fish are tipped out in the *Swanella*. Trawling with modern gear and equipment is an expensive operation. To make a profit a boat must bring back a catch worth around £5,000 each trip. In 1958 Britain's "distant-waters" fleet brought in over 7,000,000 cwt. of fish which sold at the quayside for a total of nearly £22,000,000.

ISHING IN THE ARCTIC

W er Brings Additional Hardships to "Distant-Waters" Trawlermen

OUTWARD-BOUND IN DISTANT-WATERS: *Above*—A trawl is paid out. *On right*—The picture shows a gigantic Arctic wave crashing on to the bows of the vessel.



BY THE SIDE OF THE WATER: In the Bangweulu swamps of Northern Rhodesia, a temporary fishing village is set up where the fishing is good. The Africans living in the area in Luapula Province make a living by supplying the dried-fish market for the miners in the Copperbelt region.

IN THE BANGWEULU SWAMPS

Life in a Strange Region of Northern Rhodesia

Surrounding Lake Bangweulu, in the north of Northern Rhodesia, near its borders with the Belgian Congo, is a vast area of swamps, covering in all 3,000 square miles. They are part of the Luapula Province, named after one of the rivers which form an intricate network in the area. It is estimated that to-day about 8,000 Africans live in the swamps, dwelling in temporary huts and moving as they exhaust the fishing grounds. About another 20,000 live on the islands dotted over Lake Bangweulu.

An amount of work is being done in the swamps both improving the waterways and researching into the wild life. Large dredgers are used to clear and deepen the water channels so that communications can be improved. Their work is supplemented by cutting the weeds by hand in the smaller channels. The Joint Fisheries Research Organisation sends a launch, the *Hydrocin*, into the swamps for ten days each month. The scientists on board are engaged in a programme of research for the Northern Rhodesian Government, studying the behaviour patterns of the millions of fish in the area. In addition, samples of the water are analysed and the various animals and birds, living in the swamps and feeding on fish, are studied.

It is claimed that the area provides opportunities for holidays, with safe bathing, fine beaches and first-class fishing. Many types of fish, some of them very large, can be caught, including Cornish Jacks and Tigers. The bird life is probably the best in the whole of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

AT WORK IN THE SWAMPS: A dredger clears a channel through part of the Bangweulu swamps. The machines are supplemented by hand cutting of the weed growth in the smaller channels.

But the main purpose of the Northern Rhodesian Government's work in the area is to exploit its possibilities within the economic framework of the Territory. Since the fish are so numerous, they provide a fine food supply, but problems of transport have to be overcome. The reed beds with their wealth of papyrus could provide the basis for a paper-making industry. Most of the Africans inhabiting the swamps earn their living from the fish. After these have been caught they are dried and then transported by canoe, bicycle and truck to the Copperbelt region.

The copper mines form a most important part of the economy of the Federation and with the electric power supplied by the Kariba Hydro-electric scheme should increase their production. Nearly all the present output is from five mines. In 1958 it was well over 350,000 tons and many thousands of workers are employed in the area. Food supplies from the Bangweulu swamps are an important factor in their lives.

A SIZEABLE BAG: Mr. A. P. Bowmaker, of the Joint Fisheries Research Organisation, Samfya, brings alongside the boat a 9-ft. crocodile which he has shot.

ON THE WAY TO MARKET: Africans pole their low, narrow craft along one of the waterways, taking a load of dried fish to the Copperbelt markets. The journey is made first by canoe and then possibly by bicycle or motor vehicle.

RESEARCH WORK IN THE SWAMPS: Gill netting is hauled in over the stern of the Joint Fisheries Research Organisation's launch *Hydrocin*. Members of the Organisation spend ten days a month in the swamps studying wild life, particularly the behaviour patterns of fish.

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN

Writing on Parchment ; A Painting as a Wedding Gift ; Silk Weaving in England

On left—

CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST EXPENSIVE BOOK IN THE WORLD: In her home in Paris, Mlle. Micheline Nicolas copies the text of the book on to parchment, using an elaborate Gothic script in which she is a specialist. While she is at work, Mlle. Nicolas, who is a polio patient, listens to records on her gramophone. The title of the book, which is being written entirely on parchment, is *Apocalypse*. Seven leading artists have been commissioned to contribute illustrations. Among them are Pablo Picasso, Marc Chagall, Foujita, and Salvador Dali. When it is finished the sole copy of the book will cost about £75,000.

A TOWN'S WEDDING PRESENT: Mr. Richard E. Eurich, R.A., holds the painting commissioned by the Borough of Romsey, Hampshire, as a wedding gift to Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks. The picture shows Romsey Abbey and the town, seen from a nearby hill. The painting was shown in Romsey for a week before the marriage took place in the Abbey on January 13. Lord Mountbatten lives at Broadlands, close to the town.

SILK FOR THE QUEEN : At Warner and Son's factory, at Braintree, in Essex, Mr. James Rolfe, a weaver for 44 years, is seen at work on the length of silk satin being woven from silk produced at Zoë, Lady Hart Dyke's silkworm farm in Hertfordshire. The material, reported to have been completed recently, is being presented to the Queen. It measures 9 yards by 1 yard. The looms at the factory were employed in the weaving of Queen Mary's wedding dress in 1893 and more recently for material for Queen Elizabeth's Coronation dress. Silk from Lady Hart Dyke's farm was also used for this.

On right—

AT WORK ON THE LENGTH OF ENGLISH SILK: Miss Sheila Linsell winds the weft of silk on a quill-winding spinning-wheel during the weaving of the order at the factory. The weaving has been carried out by hand, using traditional methods of craftsmanship which have been employed for centuries.

MARSHES AND MUDFLATS

The Saltings in Summer and Winter; Ways of Gaining a Living on the Marshes; and the Various Kinds of Birds

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

YOU either like marshes or you don't. There never seems to be any half-way house about it. I like marshes—and one marsh particularly—which is rather strange really, for I was born in quite another sort of country: high mountains, bare, jutting rocks and tumbling streams and heather, and the high tops snow-covered in most years from early November. I love mountains, too, at least to look at, and if I ever had to choose between hill country and marshland, there is no doubt where my choice would lie. So it is strange that with that sort of background the unrelieved flatness of a salt marsh should appeal to me. But so it is. It is the pretty patchwork of hedgerow and field and copse (the sort of country in which I live) which leaves me rather cold, though what goes on in it is interesting, even exciting, enough.

The reason is that I knew this particular marsh when I was a little boy and I have known it all my life. I can't say that I know every stick and stone on it, but there is no part of it that I do not know, no part that is not familiar, as familiar as my old slippers. So that, whenever I return, I am reminded of childhood and youth, of men long dead and of adventures as alive now as when they happened. I have just been back after an interval of several years.

What does it look like, this marsh? Well, it is not a big estuary. On an atlas map you would not notice it at all. Even on the 1-in. Ordnance map it appears insignificant. But come to it, and you will be surprised, unless you are an estuarine man. Small on the map it may be, but there is something grand, something awe-inspiring, about it. On it you are in the presence of the infinite. It lies naked to the heavens, low and immense, with a skyline the width of all the world, fading so gently that you can never say with certainty where sea ends and sky begins. Here is desolation: a huge, wide desolation of mud, slime, sand, sedge and shingle, and through it all a lonely river winds its slow and devious way to the sea.

You can come here day after day and never see a soul. But that does not mean that no one ever comes here. There is a small village a mile or so inland, a farm almost on the marsh itself, and a living to be got from mudflats and saltings, if you know them and know what to look for. There are two livings to be gained: one by day and the other by night, when the tide is full and the moon obscured. Plenty of people use the marsh, even if you do not see them very often. After a week of raging gale you will, maybe, see men from the village quartering the shingle, picking over the jetsam of the sea, gathering driftwood. In spring you may see a thrifty peasant-wife searching for eggs among the marram or on the shingle, and she will give you a soft Welsh greeting. On rough autumn nights there may be a man with a gun and a knowing mongrel.

There may be two or three, but shore-shooting hereabouts is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Then, you would sink a barrel. The geese used to come in in their thousands to their feeding-grounds a little way inland. I do not think that anyone knows the reason why nowadays they come only in really severe weather, and then not in any great number. But that is about all you see: a few men combing and a shooter or two, a woman egging. Even in summer you do not get picnic parties here, people do not come to bathe or paddle. The reason for that is obvious enough. There is no road suitable for cars.

When the tide is out the mudflats lie pale under the winter sun, the colour of yesterday's milk, and the pools left by the tide are so much the same colour that you know them only by the gulls standing at their rims. But the saltings, when the tide is out, are tawny, a level carpet, criss-crossed by black lines. These are the creeks, and their meanderings and ramifications are endless, so minute and so prolific that they are beyond the ingenuity of man to map: at least I have never seen a map of them. Some of the wider ones run inland to the cultivated country beyond, and if you follow one of these you do at least know where you are going. Others will look as straight as a die from where you stand, inviting you to what is left of the river, so narrow sometimes that you can leap across it, and never beyond wading if you are sure-footed. But if you follow them then you will find yourself anywhere but where you want to be, and trapped as like as not by some pool and forced back the way you came, if you can find it again. Yet in time you do get a sort of marsh sense, and know, without ever being able to say how you know, which is the right creek to follow for your purpose.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE MUDFLATS OF AN ESSEX RIVER: At Maldon, the Blackwater, joined by the Chelmer, opens out to the estuary and joins the North Sea at Mersea. On the opposite bank of the estuary is the village of Bradwell. The river Blackwater has its source near Saffron Walden. During the summer Maldon is particularly popular for a day's outing. (*Picture by Aerofilms*)

I love the saltings and all the marsh in winter best. There is much more colour in summer—sea-lavender and glass-wort and cordgrass and sedge—but there is colour in the winter, too. Then the saltings are pale in the thin light of the winter sun, gin-coloured in a sky that is scarcely blue. When the sea comes the water shines with that beautiful pale blue that is the sign of shallow water, and the sedges stand dark and shaggy, like heads on pikes. When I was a boy I used to love watching the tide come in. It was a favourite game of mine to get as far out as I could—as I dared—and then to be driven in by the tide. It was war between myself and the tide, with all the manœuvres of war, desperate stands on this little ridge and that, outflanking movements and sorties, great rushing frontal attacks and insidious infiltration. That the tide always won did not matter at all. More than once I had to wade, and then I would go home to another war: my mother did not approve of sodden clothes.

The tide coming in has never lost its fascination for me. The rising tide moves with a quiet, almost oily, swell, pushing up this channel and that, filling the pools: and as it moves it speaks, little labial sounds, lisping. The tide never comes in just the same way two days running. I believe it never comes in in just the same way. That made the game much more exciting. Now it interests me greatly for another reason: the manner of the tide's coming has a great effect on the birds. Their lives on the marsh are controlled by the tides.

Dotted about the estuary there are some great stakes; nobody seems to know who put them there or why. They are covered with blue-black mussels and long strands of seaweed, forlorn, gloomy, grim. As a child I would dream of shipwrecks and all the crew drowned, save one, and he swimming desperately in the racing waters for one of the stakes. He would drown if he could not reach one and climb up. Then one day I tried to climb one, and knew my sailor must drown. They are dripping, those piles, and slimy with weed, and the shellfish that clothe them are edged and sharp as daggers. But they form useful resting places for the cormorants. Hour by hour the great birds sit heraldically, never seeming to fish, motionless, save that their heads turn owl-wise and follow you on the sand. Cormorants are wonderfully like cows. They come in in line as cows do to byre; each cormorant has its special stake as each cow its stall; and if anything upsets the owner, if one tries to grab another's stake, then there is hell to pay, and much flapping of great wings and striking with long serpent necks and dagger bills.

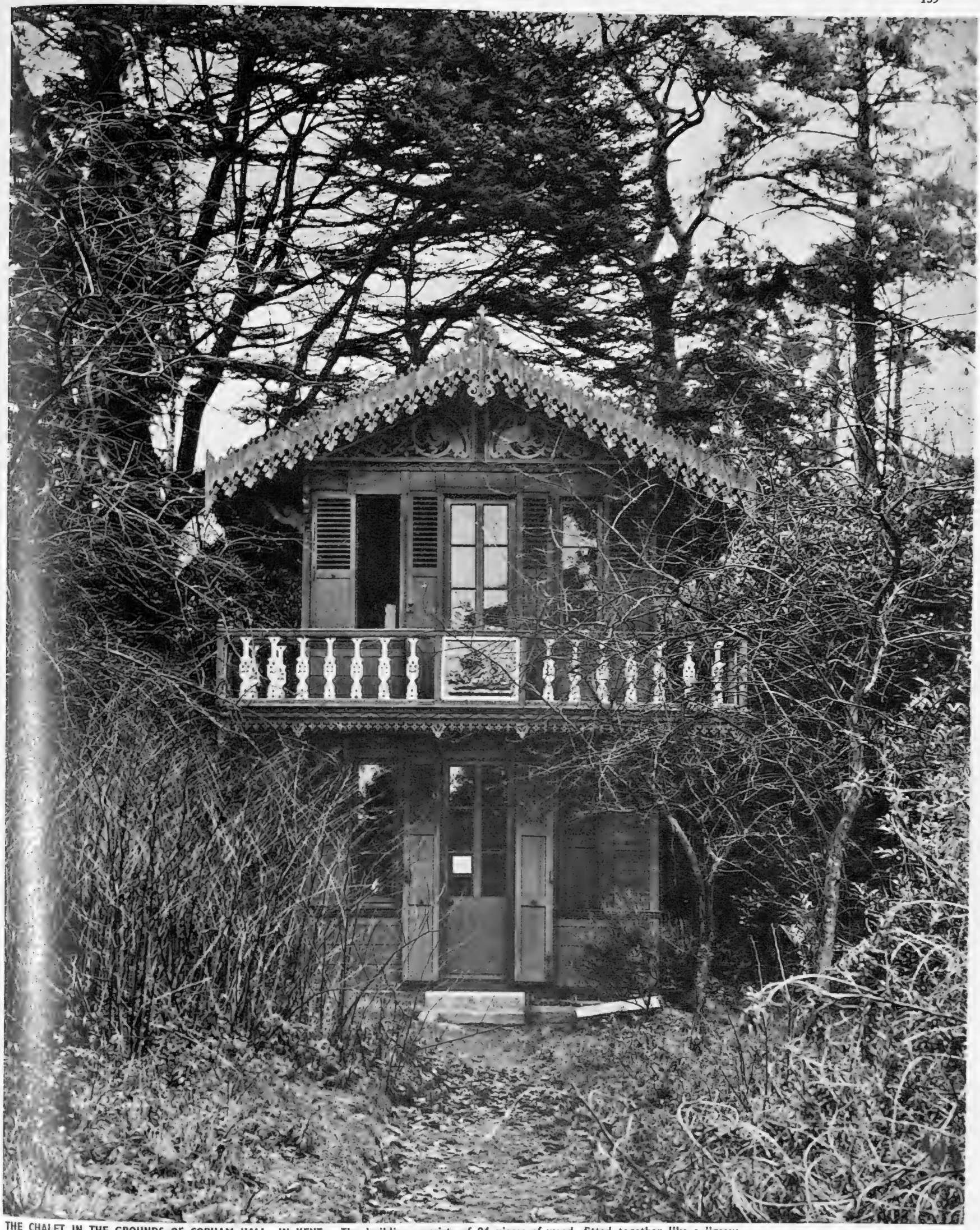
But there are many other birds, of course; particularly in autumn and spring. Duck: wigeon and mallard, teal and tufted, golden-eye. Waders in thousands: curlew, redshank, dunlin, sanderling, knot, oyster-catchers (neatly black and white, with piping voice and sardonic ruby eye), gulls, a heron maybe, and, in summer, sheld-duck in little parties, the youngsters in charge of aunts, marching in a crocodile, like prep. school boys on Eastbourne front.

Marshes, like mountains, have moods. In fog, when the tide is out, you will see nothing, for there is no landmark, and the silence is oppressive, enhanced rather than broken by the distant sullen murmur of water lapping a mudbank. You might be alone in a dead world. Then you move and put up a redshank. The air is filled with his clamour, and instantly from all around there are cries and the whirr of wings. You could almost tread on a redshank.—Birds do not hear well in fog; heaven knows why this is.

For humans every sound is magnified. Then the tide turns, you know by the different sound, higher, more eager, and there will be a little breeze and the quacking of duck away on the mud at the tide's edge, and that is the most contented sound in nature. You know that soon the fog will lift.

At night-time, with the tide running and the moon fitful through the scud, the saltings and the mudflats look as though they had been covered with a light fall of snow and it is peaceful. But you can get wild weather, too. I remember one December night—the more clearly because it was this last December that I went again—when before it was time for the dusk to settle, the day suddenly died, in a matter of moments, and went black. Out of nowhere and nothing came the wind, sharp and then raging, whipping the sand into clouds, flinging itself at me like a mad creature. I stayed out that night. Not because I wanted to: because I could not get back. I tried to stand up to that wind. Soon I was lying down, trying to get what shelter I could from the marram grass. But the sand whipped my face, filled my boots, and got inside my clothes. It took me a long, long time to struggle to the comparative shelter of the shingle, and I suppose that I was lucky in knowing where that was. Marshes, like mountains, hold menace.

But I love night on the marsh, and the whistling of the curlew, one to another. I went at night again this time, a mild night between gales, to listen to the sand. It's tricky work walking on estuary sand at night: but if you know your sand you will come to no harm, for always it will warn you that if you go on you will be in over your ankles and maybe over your knees—and it does so by groaning. Many a time I have heard it: but never in the daytime, though I have listened often enough. It is an eerie sound. The local folk used to speak of the sands sighing and they regarded them much as others might have a superstitious regard for the spirits of the dead. I expect that they still do. There is something about marshes and mountains—about heights and the sea—that makes you feel that way.



THE CHALET IN THE GROUNDS OF COBHAM HALL, IN KENT : The building consists of 94 pieces of wood, fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. It was presented to Dickens by the Swiss actor, Charles Fechter, and was used by the novelist to write his unfinished work—*Edwin Drood*. The Dickens Fellowship hopes to launch an appeal to move the chalet to Rochester Museum and to restore it.

DICKENS' CHALET

Plans to Launch an Appeal to Renovate the Building

In the upstairs room of his Swiss chalet, fitted with mirrors so as to reflect the trees of his grounds at Gad's Hill, Charles Dickens wrote the last words of *Edwin Drood*, his unfinished novel. He was working in the room on the day before he died. The chalet was sent to him by the Swiss actor, Charles Fechter. Made of 94 separate sections, the building arrived in 1865 from Paris. After Dickens' death, his son lent the chalet to the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and it then was erected in the grounds of Lord Darnley's estate at Cobham Hall, where it has stood ever since.

Since it is situated some distance away from the Hall and is thickly surrounded by trees and vegetation, the building has suffered the depredations of time and weather. It now has dry rot. For some time, the Dickens Fellowship has planned to find a new home for the chalet, taking it over from the Ministry of Works. Rochester Corporation have offered to set it on a concrete base behind the museum, Eastgate House, a building which also has associations with Charles Dickens' works.

An offer also came from Mr. C. Eade, who lives in the original Bleak House, at Broadstairs, but the Fellowship feels that it would be preferable to find a public rather than private home for the chalet. Restoration of the building would cost about £1,000 and the Fellowship is to launch an appeal, both to its own branches scattered throughout the world and to the general public.

WHAT NEXT AFTER THE MOON?

Further Possibilities in the Great Adventure of Space Exploration

By MAURICE ALLWARD

SINCE the Russians launched the world's first artificial satellite in 1957, this newest branch of science has advanced in great strides. Important discoveries have been made regarding the 500,000-mile diameter globe of space surrounding the Earth, and proof is now being obtained to corroborate or contradict previously-held theories about the Moon. Although much of the obstruse information being gathered is unintelligible to the average person, there can be few who are not excited or awed by photographs such as the Russians obtained of the rear face of the Moon or those the Americans have taken of the Earth from high-altitude rockets.

What will the next step be? It will not be long before a television scanner is soft-landed on the Moon, to give us really intimate views and information about its surface. It will also not be long before Man enters space, first probably on a circular trip around the Earth, followed by a manned trip round the Moon.

But, even before Man has reached the Moon, his curiosity is reaching out to the planets. Through telescopic study we know enough about the Moon to be almost certain that it will be a dead and desolate world. The planets, however, are so far away that even the most powerful telescopes only show enough to whet our appetites for more information. High on the list for the rocket scientists will be Venus. Although it is our nearest neighbour in space after the Moon, Venus is at present almost a complete mystery. This is because when we look at her, all we can see is the top of a deep layer of cloud which completely hides the actual surface. We do not even really know the length of her day.

Venus is about the same size as the Earth, and at one time it was popularly believed that, owing to its proximity to the Sun, conditions there were similar to those that existed on the earth millions of years ago. A primeval, torrid world of dense forests and torrential rain, and most likely, great reptiles of our Dinosaurian age. There is no scientific basis for this belief. So far as we can tell, the atmosphere is made up of choking, smothering carbon dioxide, although a recent American telescopic study from a high-altitude balloon detected traces of water for the first time. Thus, it seems as if there can be no plants, or animals, or men. More likely, Venus is a dead world—of endless desert and barren rock. But we will have to wait until the satellites have radioed back their findings before we know one way or the other.

Nearest to the Sun is the tiny planet of Mercury. As the Moon keeps one face turned towards the Earth, so Mercury keeps one face turned permanently towards the blazing Sun. The temperature on this face is probably around 700 deg. Fah.—almost hot enough to melt lead. The face turned away from the Sun is bitterly cold—possibly not far off absolute zero, −459·4 deg. Fah. This being so, one might think that Mercury can be crossed off our exploration list right away. This is not quite the case, because in between the two extremes there exists a fairly broad belt of "Twilight Land." Here between the areas of constant night and constant day, a reasonable temperature exists and, in due course, this will surely be explored. At the moment, however, few eyes are turned earnestly towards tiny Mercury.

After Venus, the next planet on the satellite list will almost certainly be the planet of mystery, Mars. Here, no dense clouds hide the surface, and the temperature, although colder than it is on Earth, is not unbearably so. The Martian day is only half an hour longer than ours and, as is well known, Mars, like the Earth, has two ice caps. The more we find out about Mars, even though its thin atmosphere is not breathable, the more it seems a twin of the Earth.

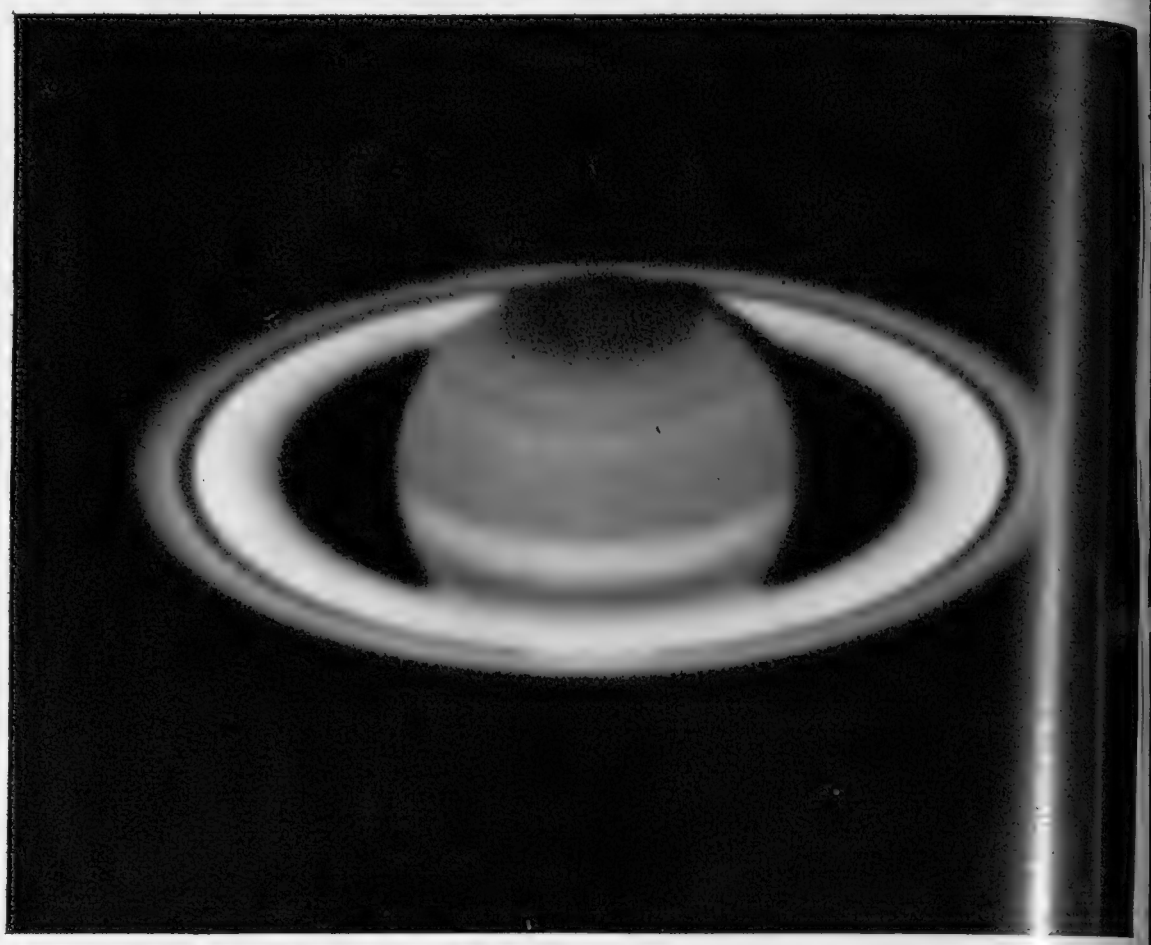
A close study of Mars shows more evidence of this similarity which may be of great importance. In the spring the ice caps melt and disappear. As they do so, the colour of the planet gradually changes from the poles to the equator. It is rather like a field of vegetables ripening after rain, and this is precisely what is thought is happening on Mars.

As the ice caps melt, the moisture flows from the poles and irrigates the vegetation, whereupon it ripens as do the crops on Earth. The change in colour could be due to other causes, such as the dampening sand or a chemical reaction in the surface soil, but most astronomers seem to believe that it is some form of growing vegetation. It is felt that if life is to be found on another planet in the solar system, then the most likely place is Mars because of its mild climate. There may even be low forms of animal life there, although there is very little likelihood of the existence of the Martians, so popular in science fiction stories. All this gives Mars a high priority on the exploration list. Already probes to find out more about this tantalising world are being actively planned in both America and Russia.

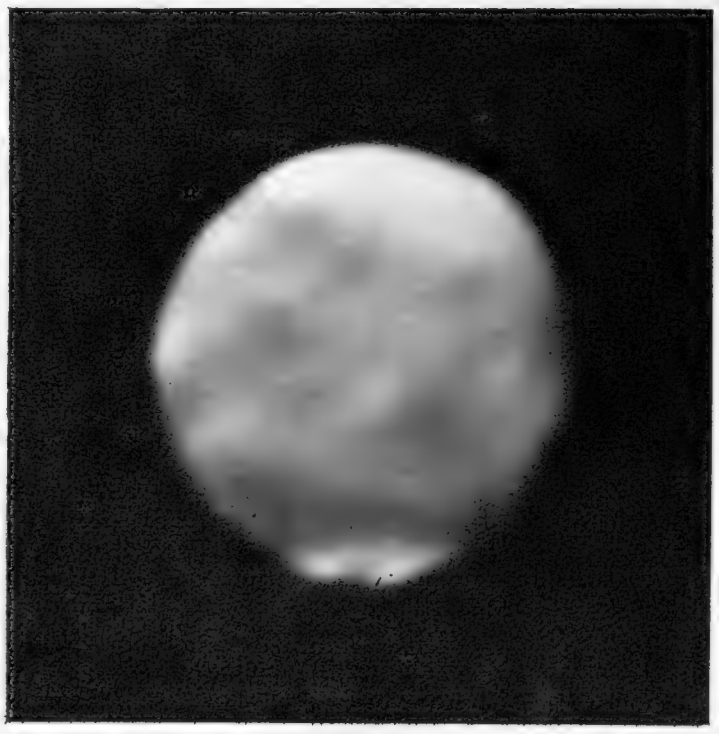
The exploration and populating of these three planets, Mercury, Venus and Mars, will take centuries. Long before this is completed Man's curiosity will have taken him deeper into space, to the outer planets. Four hundred million miles distant is Jupiter, the largest member of the solar system whose vast bulk could hold 1,300 Earths and still leave room for more ! Four hundred million further miles on is Saturn, the second largest planet and famous for its unique system of rings. One thousand million miles further lies Uranus, and yet another thousand million miles on is Neptune.

Even the smallest of the four planets—Neptune—has a diameter of 31,000 miles, and at first sight it may appear that these four worlds would be able to provide future generations with all the exploration they could wish for. Unfortunately, these planets have one thing in common: they are enveloped in thick atmospheres, as is the case with Venus. When we peer at them through telescopes, we do not see worlds with lands, seas and mountains. All we see are the outer layers of an immensely thick and turbulent atmosphere. This is a mixture of ammonia and methane and is thus exceedingly evil-smelling and poisonous.

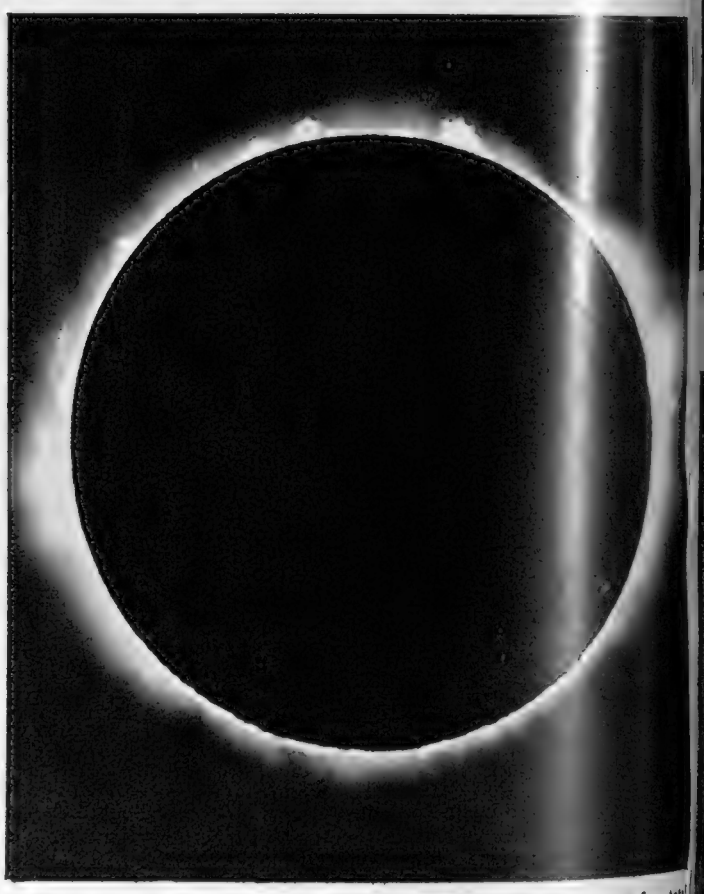
Jupiter's atmosphere extends for thousands of miles in fact, it is so thick that it may be compressed near



A FAMOUS SIGHT IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM: The rings encircling the planet Saturn are composed of countless thousands of pieces of rock gyrating like the smallest of moons. Saturn is the second largest planet, but little is known about it.



THE TWIN OF THE EARTH ? Mars has certain similarities with the globe upon which humans live, including two ice caps and what appears to be a growth of vegetation. Some observers believe that there may be a form of low animal life in the thin atmosphere on Mars.



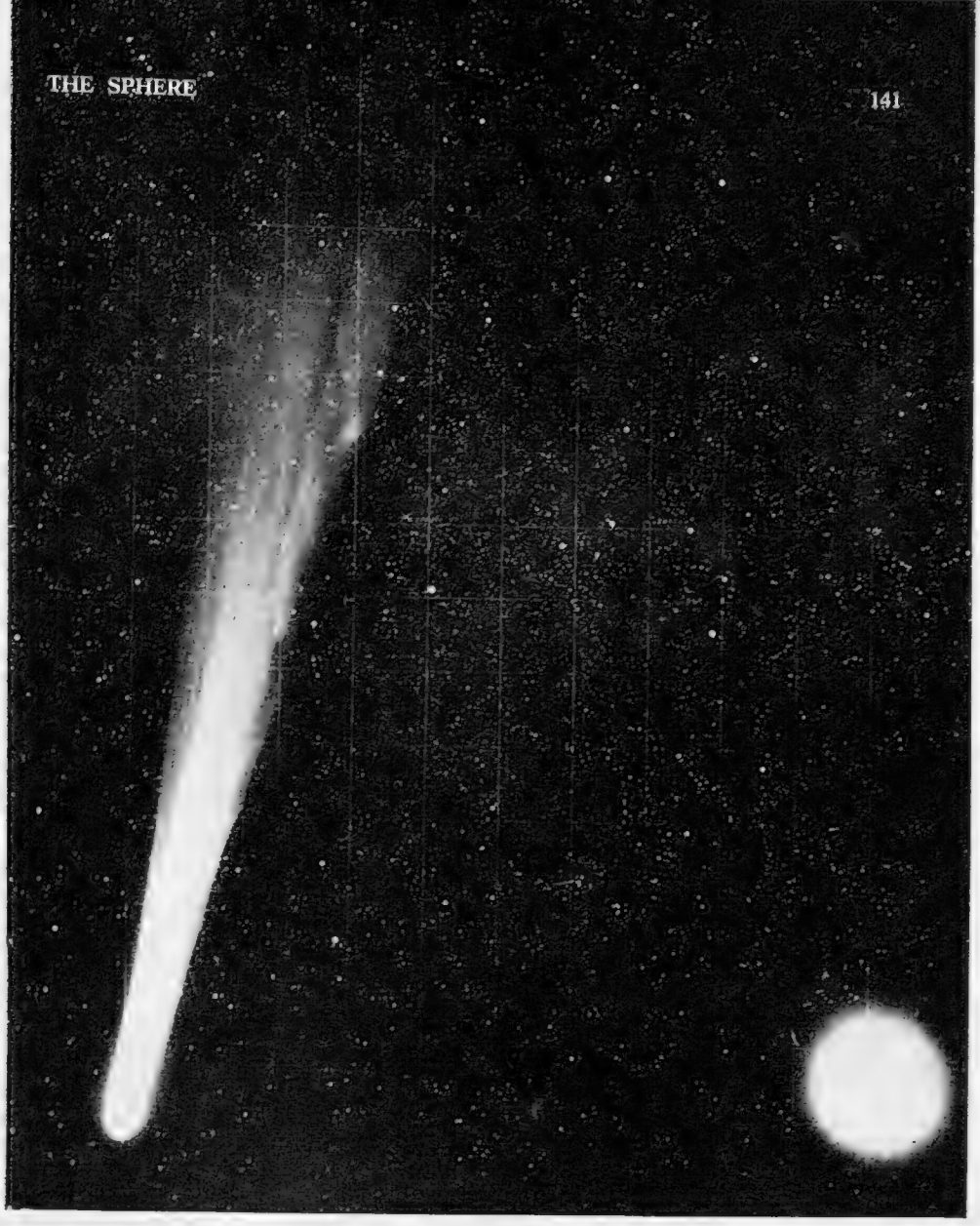
AN EXCITING PHENOMENON IN THE UNIVERSE: The picture of a total eclipse of the sun was taken in 1927. All that is visible is the sun's corona, a belt of radiation extending up to 10,000,000 miles. The next total solar eclipse to be seen in Britain will be in 1999.

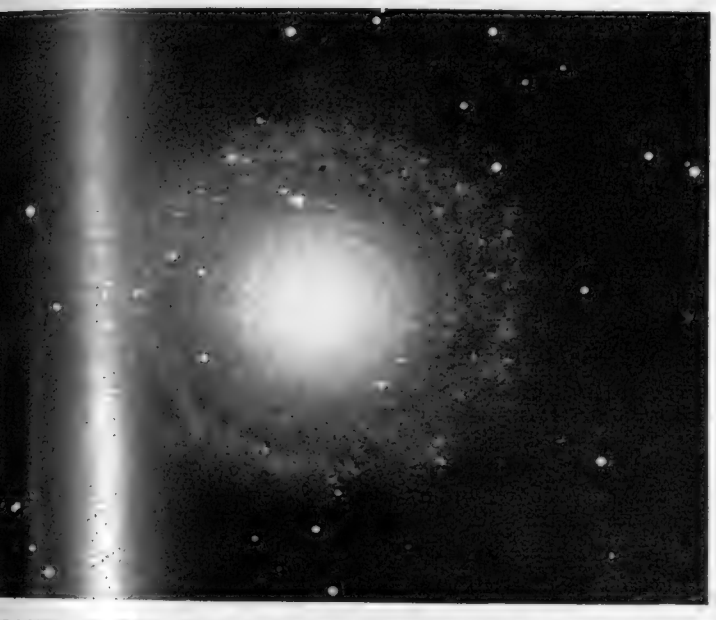
On left—

EARTH'S CLOSEST NEIGHBOUR: Apart from the moon, Venus is the nearest of the planets to the earth. Nevertheless, she remains almost a complete mystery because her surface is permanently enveloped in thick cloud and all that can be seen by human astronomers is the top of this cloud. The opinion was once held that Venus was a torrid world of jungles and swamps. Nowadays it is thought more probable that the planet is a huge desert of barren rock and sand. Recently, experiments have suggested there may be water vapour in the surrounding clouds. Plans are afoot to investigate this possibility more fully.

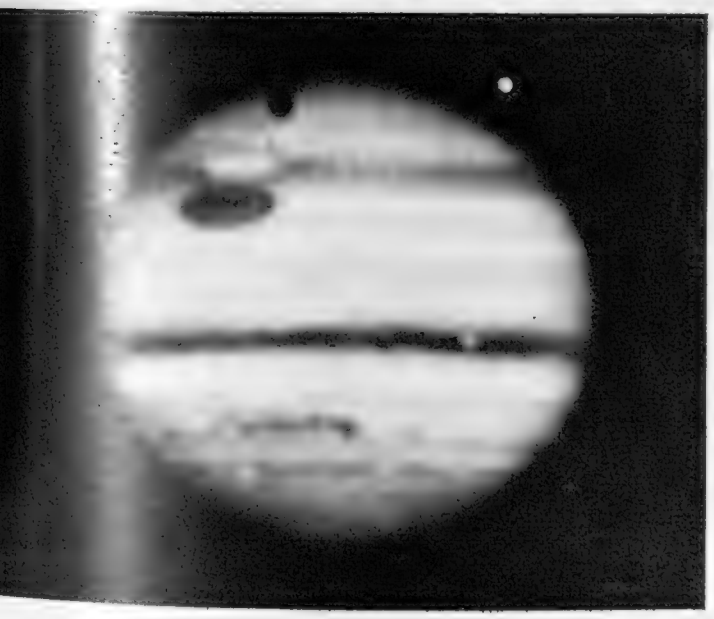
On right—

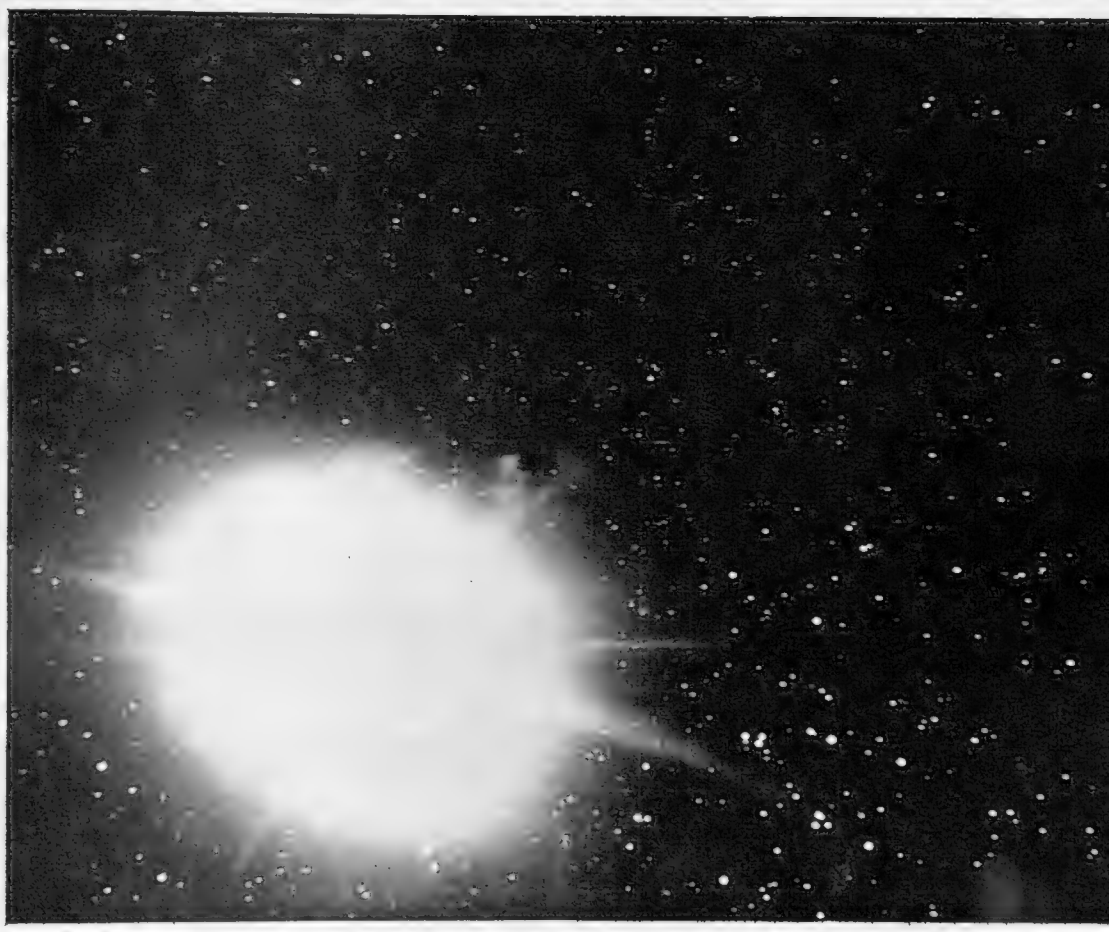
COMET AND PLANET: Halley's (left), probably the best known of the comets, passes Venus. The comet was observed in 1682 by, among others, the astronomer Halley. He computed its orbit and found a regular cycle in its previous manifestations. Halley correctly predicted its next appearance to observers on earth.





E LONELY C POST: Pluto is the most remote member of the solar system and is a the most recently identified planet. Little can be observed of it and surface is probably inhumanly cold. It has no atmosphere.





THE GIANT OF THE HEAVENS: The largest member of the solar system is Jupiter. Its enormous bulk could contain over 1,300 globes of the size of the earth, from which it is about 400,000,000 miles distant. *On left*—The picture gives an idea of how Jupiter, which has a diameter of 88,000 miles, looks from the earth. Jupiter's atmosphere extends for thousands of miles.

id at the centre, so that there may not even be a surface which the spaceships of the far future can land. Even it does have a surface, the gravitational pull, about times that of Earth, would make an ordinary person igh about 30 stones, making it almost impossible to ve. Jupiter has no fewer than eleven moons, four being fficiently big for keen-sighted persons to see unaided. ese four moons were among the first special bodies mined by Galileo with his telescope in 1610. Resemng a solar system in miniature, they provided evidence t the earth rotated around the Sun, and not the Sun und the Earth, as had been believed for over 1,000 years. Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are just as unpleasant Jupiter. Uranus and Neptune perhaps even more so, ause they are so far from the Sun that much of their atmospheres must be frozen solid. The rings of Saturn, however, are one of the great natural sights of the solar system. They are made up of countless thousands of tiny pieces of rock whirling round and round like tiny moons. In the far future they will make a splendid spectacle for the space-suited visitors to one of her numerous moons.

There remains one other member of the solar system, tiny Pluto, yet another 1,000,000,000 miles beyond Uranus. Although it has no atmosphere like the four giant planets, it is too far away for any surface details to be visible, through even the largest telescopes. Its immense distance from the Sun, 4,000,000,000 miles, makes it a bitterly cold world, remote and lonely beyond human understanding. However, in time, Man's curiosity will inevitably take him to this, the outpost of the solar system. And, as he stands on the frozen surface, his back will almost certainly be turned towards the distant Sun, a minute pin-point of yellow light. His face will be turned towards other stars, other suns like ours, around which revolve other families of planets. Numbered in countless millions, the conditions on some of these must, surely, be suitable for intelligent life.

The distance separating us from the nearest stars is a thousand times greater than the already immense distances separating the planets. Yet, intelligent scientists have already theorised about the problems of, and possible solutions for, crossing this vast gulf of interstellar loneliness. Whatever end there might be to Man's ultimate development, it seems impossible to visualise there being an end to the great adventure of the exploration of space.

WEDDING IN THE SNOW

Members of The Royal Family Attend the Marriage of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks at Romsey

At the marriage last week of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks, Princess Anne, who had travelled with her father and brother from Sandringham, was a bridesmaid for the first time. She walked behind the bride and bridegroom with four other young girls, two of them Princesses from Germany. Although heavy snow fell throughout much of the day, crowds of people gathered round the Abbey and along the decorated streets to watch the guests arrive. They saw the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret as well as several other members of the Royal Family, the Queen of Sweden and relatives of the Duke of Edinburgh. Members of Romsey Town Council were also among the vast congregation in the Abbey. After the service the bride and bridegroom abandoned the short walk which they had arranged before joining their car, and drove direct to Broadlands for the first of two receptions. Shortly afterwards, as they were receiving their guests in the drawing-room, all the lights went out and candles were brought into use. At each reception, the Duke of Edinburgh toasted the newly-married couple.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: Mr. David Hicks escorts his bride, the former Lady Pamela Mountbatten, from Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, after their marriage last week in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family. The Queen of Sweden, sister of Lord Mountbatten, was also present. Princess Anne (seen in this picture at the back of the porch) was one of the bridesmaids. Officiating at the service was the Vicar of Romsey, Canon W. E. Norris; he was assisted by the Rev. Craddock Ratcliff, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

A ROYAL GUEST: All smiles as the Prince of Wales talks with the bride during the first reception at Broadlands, the home of Lord and Lady Mountbatten.

On right—

A VISIT TO THE SECOND RECEPTION: The bride and bridegroom are surrounded by guests during their visit to Crosfield Hall for the reception attended by estate staff and tenants. The Duke of Edinburgh is seen engaged in conversation on the left of the picture.

THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS AND MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES: In the back row from the left are Princess Sophia of Hanover (sister of the Duke of Edinburgh); Lady Brabourne (sister of the bride); Earl Mountbatten of Burma; Mrs. Iris Hicks (mother of the bridegroom); the Duke of Edinburgh; Countess Mountbatten, and Lord Brabourne (brother-in-law of the bride), the best man. Seated centre, from left are the Duchess of Gloucester; Princess Margaret; the Queen Mother; the Queen of Sweden (sister of Lord Mountbatten); the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Front row from left are Amanda Knatchbull; Victoria Marten; Princess Clarissa of Hesse; Princess Frederica of Hanover; Joanna Knatchbull; Princess Anne; the Prince of Wales and Michael Knatchbull. (Amanda, Joanna and Michael are children of Lord and Lady Brabourne.)

OUTSIDE THE ABBEY: The Duke of Edinburgh stands with the Prince of Wales as they wait for their car. The Duke and his children had travelled by train from Sandringham for the wedding.

A BRIDESMAID FOR THE FIRST TIME: Princess Anne turns and smiles at her brother while waiting for the photographers to take the official wedding group. All the bridesmaids wore dresses of white organdie. At the marriage in 1946 of Lady Pamela's sister, Patricia, the bridesmaids had included the Queen and Princess Margaret.

A NEW HOTEL FOR AIR-LINE PASSENGERS: Cars and vans are parked in front of the Skyway Hotel, which was opened on Tuesday of last week. The hotel is opposite an entrance to London Airport on the Bath Road. It operates on a twenty-four-hour basis to serve the needs of air travellers who may require attention at any hour of the day or night. There are 160 bedrooms. The building of the hotel took only thirty weeks and cost approximately £750,000. It is owned and operated by Seaway Hotels Limited, of Toronto.

SKYWAY HOTEL

A Facility for Air-line Passengers at London Airport

Mr. George Drew, the High Commissioner for Canada, officially opened the first hotel specially designed for air passengers at London Airport. It is called the Skyway Hotel and is owned by a Canadian company. At present there are two main blocks, a single-storey building for the public rooms and a separate sleeping block with 160 bedrooms. The two are linked by a glassed-in, heated arcade with five shops. Behind the public block there is a heated open-air swimming-pool. It is planned in the future to build an additional block with 100 bedrooms.

All the bedrooms have separate bathrooms, each is fully air-conditioned. Skirting heating is fitted in the bedrooms and furniture is built in. Extensive use is made of mirrors to enhance the impression of space. Each room is fitted with telephone and television. Prices range from £3 per night for a single back room to £4 15s. for a double front room. In the public wing, the restaurant is capable of seating up to 140 people and gives a twenty-four-hour service. Another amenity is a transport service conveying guests and their baggage to and from the air-line terminals.

The guests will stay for short periods and many of them will sleep during the day between flights. To meet their needs, insulation from the noise of traffic on the road outside and the nearby airport has been fitted. Much use has been made of glass, both internally and externally, and there is particularly heavy glazing with other sound-proofing materials. In each of the bedrooms the window wall can be completely covered by heavy lined curtains for use of the room by day.

THE RECEPTION AREA: The furnishings and fittings are strikingly modern. In the background, on the green, beige, black and pink carpet, are four green "coconut" armchairs and four benches in cream Vyanide with satin chrome frames. Much use is made of glass in the construction.

INSIDE THE HOTEL: The cocktail lounge has a long bar with a padded elbow rest. It is said to be the longest upholstered bar in the country. *Right*—Twin beds are reflected in a mirror in a double room of the Skyway Hotel.

ELECTRONIC CONTROL OF MACHINE TOOLS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE hears a good deal less of the word "automation" nowadays than one did two to three years ago, though there is beginning to be rather more of it in British industry. Technical development does not proceed quite as fast as a science correspondent's conjecture (which is perhaps not altogether unfortunate); the advantages offered by more intensive mechanisation vary greatly between different industries, companies, and even departments; and new techniques that would be well worth investing in when starting from scratch do not necessarily make it worth while to scrap existing equipment when this does the job nearly as well, has been paid for, and still has plenty of service left in it. The business approach towards automation is therefore piecemeal and gradual, though it is also unceasing.

Some of the enthusiasts who think industry is moving too slowly in this direction are apt to blame the unprogressiveness of equipment manufacturers, and in particular, because so many possibilities of automation seem apparent in the engineering field, of the machine-tool manufacturers. Research and development in the British machine tool industry have recently become the subject of controversy on more general grounds; the manufacturers themselves are conscious of some weaknesses, and have been discussing ways to improve the situation with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. But whether this has much to do with the rate of advance of automation in general engineering is another question. In making machine tools more automatic, it is often the economic circumstances of the potential customer that set the pace, rather than the technical solution of the problem. This seems to be true of one of the most important developments of recent years, the electronic control of machine tools to relieve the human operator.

Accuracy and speed in cutting metal are the primary characteristics of the machine tool; but both, in normal conditions, depend considerably upon the operator who is running the machine. This is essentially a matter of interpreting information. The operator is normally working from a drawing on which the key measurements are set down numerically; he has to set the feed screws and controls of the machine to the required dimensions in succession, since he cannot control three dimensions at once, and has to measure and check his settings quite frequently. The more precise he is, the less rapid he is liable to be. These are human limitations, quite separate from the limits of precision built into the machine itself. During operation, again, there are some elements that change and have to be controlled: the cutting tool may have to work faster as it is moved towards the centre of a rotating workpiece, for example, and there is some wear on tool heads themselves.

Automatic machine tools have been available for many years which once set will perform a pre-set series of operations on metal bars or castings that are continuously fed into them; they have been one of the essentials of mass production since its beginnings. Most of them have used cams or hydraulic systems to control the time cycle of work by one cutting head and the shift of the tool or the workpiece to begin the next operation. Hydraulic controls, again, can be used in "profiling" machines which match the alignment of work on a lathe or milling machine to the contours of a template.

In these kinds of automatic machining, electronic control can nowadays frequently offer more accuracy and better adaptation to unusual contours. The stylus following the contours of the template can convert changes in its profile into electrical signals; these are amplified electronically and applied to servo-motors which control the movement of the tool head and workpiece. ("Servo-motors" and "servo-mechanisms" are jargon one cannot avoid in discussing electronic control. They are electrical or hydraulic mechanisms that constantly compare the difference between the amount of movement that is required and the movement that is actually taking place and correct the one towards the other. These work in the same way as the human nervous system controls muscular movement, but faster.)

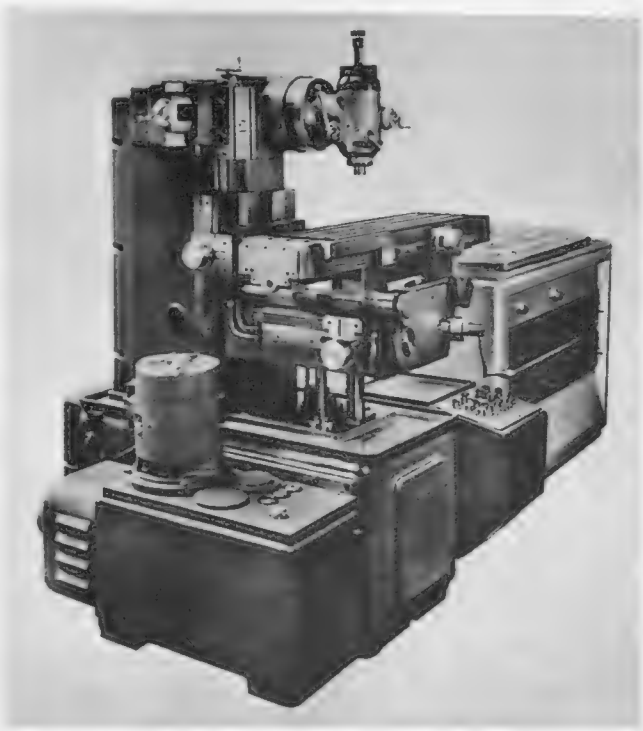
British electronics firms, working with machine-tool manufacturers, have been prominent in recent years in widening the application of electronic control to machining. Ever since the first big analogue and digital computers began to become available during the war, the possibility of using these to control machine tools according to numerical instructions has been recognised. Development may be said to have begun at Harvard in 1947, in a project financed by the American defence departments. More recently, the commercial problem, in Britain as in the United States, has been to bring these recondite techniques out of the "cost-plus" atmosphere of technical refinement for defence purposes into the sphere of profitability where ordinary engineering has to live.

All these commercial systems depend essentially upon the passing of instructions to the machine tool not as "continuous" measurements—e.g., points along a ruler or a micrometer scale—but as separate numbers, to correspond with separate points on dials or scales. In the simpler forms of control, the operator reads off the numbers and then clicks a number of dials to figures accordingly, or presses the correspondingly-numbered buttons. The precision of his setting depends upon the number of possible settings on the scales, not on his judgment. Servo-mechanisms controlled by the dial settings move the work table of the machine tool, and/or the cutting head, to the positions indicated by the settings, guaranteeing much greater accuracy than the human operator can hope to repeat all the time.

This kind of numerical setting can be used for the marking out or positioning of work on flat material, as in the Mullard "Autoplot" machine; it can also be used in much the same way, with greater accuracy, in the positioning of jig-boring machines, the fantastically accurate machines used to produce the "jig" patterns with which ordinary boring machines locate the holes they have to drill. Mullard have carried out some development on such equipment with Coventry Gauge and Tool; Newall Engineering, one of the few machine-tool manufacturers that have developed electronically-controlled tools on their own, produce a "Spacematic" jig-borer of exceptional quality, able to compete with the best designs from Switzerland. Other companies that have produced electronic controls of this kind for the setting of the head or the workpiece include E. K. Cole Ltd., British Thomson-Houston, and Plessey Electronics.

It is not difficult to visualise taking this standardisation of the operator's settings one step further and dispensing with his services on all repetitions of any particular series of settings. Punched card or magnetic "memory" systems can be used to record the whole series of settings and to "play these back" through the machine whenever required. Specialised "coding" can indeed be used the first time, to translate the numerical dimensions of the design required into the series of simultaneous movements in three dimensions of the cutting head and the workpiece that will trace out a complex shape. This can be done completely in a computer before the tape instructions are fed to the machine tool, or the instructions can be prepared in a simpler way in a computer and then fed into a tool fitted with equipment that completes the calculations required to guide the path of the cutting head. Ferranti has been associated with the development of the first kind of computer-controlled machine tool, which enables the actual calculating work to be done away from the machine shop—for example, in a "computing centre" which rents time on its equipment to outside customers. E.M.I. has developed the second kind of control system, which is in some ways simpler but requires longer for "programming" a given series of cutting operations.

One of the paradoxes of this kind of automation is that it is not essentially a system for mass production. On mass-production lines, where a battery of machines, once set to turn out a given job, may go on for months or even years with little more than cutting-tool replacement, the cost of the original setting of the tools is spread over so many units as to be infinitesimal. It is when a workshop is manufacturing only a few of a given, complex component—and particularly in prototype production, when what is wanted may be a series of "one-off" items in between which constant minor variations have to be made, that the cost of setting the tool by hand becomes a really big item on the bill. The most general application of these electronically-controlled machines, and in particular of the computer-controlled equipment, has been in the aircraft industry, with its highly specialised requirements, constant experimentation with prototypes, and innumerable modifications in design.



AUTOMATIC MACHINES: *Left* **is the Hayes-Ferranti "tapemaster" milling machine. It is controlled by magnetic tape on to which machining "instructions" have been coded by a computer working out the settings required to cut a metal shape of given dimensions. Any kind of machine tool can be made, and the tape can control 160 minutes of continuous machining.** *Right*—**An operator works on a Mullard "Autoplot." The electronically-controlled machine is used for drilling, marking out, plotting, draughting and spotting operations on sheet metal of any kind. Provision is made for control by the punched card system or by tape. The "Autoplot" has an overall accuracy of 1-500th in., and on small jobs of 1-1000th in.**

With massive retrenchment in hand in the aircraft industry—and with some of the aircraft manufacturers who have been active in the development of special tools for themselves not uninterested in selling their own "know-how"—the market for such specialised automatic equipment may temporarily have been reduced. But manufacturers who have been concerned in the development are well aware that most of the engineering work done in Britain involves production in batches of less than 25 units at a time; even if tool-setting costs hardly matter to the mass producers, they should be important in such smaller-scale machining.

A computer-controlled machine can well replace ten to twenty conventional machines set in the ordinary way, with substantial savings in total machining costs. But the small manufacturer concerned may be reluctant to put all his eggs in the one basket of a complex machine employing techniques of which he knows nothing; and he may not need to replace his whole battery of milling machines at the same time. In this, as in other kinds of automation, the economic arguments may be a good deal less clear-cut than the technical; and each firm must decide for itself, in its own special circumstances, how far it can afford to advance in technique.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A BRITISH-BUILT POWER STATION IN TURKEY

The Hirfanli hydro-electric scheme, in Anatolia, Turkey, was officially inaugurated by the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Menderes, earlier this month. The project was carried out jointly by the English Electric Company Limited and George Wimpey and Company Limited, with American consulting engineers working with the Turkish State Water Board. Costing £23,000,000, it involved the damming of the Kizilmirak, Turkey's longest river. Illustrated is the power house, which is capable of producing 110,000 kW. of electricity from its three 44,000-h.p. generators. The development is dominated by the dam. It is 279 ft. high, over 1,100 ft. long, and is said to be larger than any of its kind in Europe. The dam is also the key to the construction of four downstream power and irrigation installations, which will raise the power output of the whole project to 1,500,000,000 kW. hours a year. The civil works of the scheme, including the earth and rock-filled dam, the reinforced concrete power house and power intake, are designed to withstand earthquakes and the occasional 120-m.p.h. gales to which the area is subject. To house the permanent Turkish staff attending the hydro-electric station a new village was built to the most modern standards. Hirfanli is also planned as a holiday resort for the people of Ankara, 90 miles to the south-east. The lake, 46 miles long and at its widest point 9 miles across, formed by the damming of the river, will be used for sailing, fishing and bathing.

A BLAST SCREEN FOR AIRCRAFT

In the servicing area of London Airport is a blast screen. On the right are the tailplanes of B.O.A.C. Bristol Britannia airliners. The screen is 1,000 ft. long and is U-shaped. Made from precast concrete, it was built by the Modular Concrete Company, of Bedfont, Middlesex. The screen stands 12 ft. 6 ins. high. The supporting dog-leg frames, set 6 ft. 4 ins. apart, are bolted to a continuous concrete footing, which is 2 ft. 6 ins. square in section and is buried in the ground. The frames are 7½ ins. wide and have slots cast on each side to hold the precast concrete planks. These are 12 ins. wide and 1¾ ins. thick.

AN ELEVATED ROAD IN WEST GERMANY

The great prestressed concrete pillars and arches support an elevated road which was recently opened by the West German Minister of Transport. Built at a cost of about £2,000,000, the road, over half a mile long, is the first stage of an urban motorway scheme encircling the city of Ludwigshaven.

"PRESTRESSED CONCRETE AND THE FUTURE": At the London Exhibition, which closed on January 21, are, from left: Mr. C. W. Hamilton, President of the Prestressed Concrete Development Group; Sir Herbert Manzoni, Senior Vice-President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, who opened the exhibition; and Mr. A. J. Harris, Vice-President of Prestressed Concrete Development. They are inspecting a model of a concrete water reservoir.

DEVELOPMENT OF PRESTRESSED CONCRETE

An exhibition of new developments, entitled "Prestressed Concrete and the Future," was held from January 14 to 21 at the Institution of Civil Engineers in London. It was organised by the Prestressed Concrete Development Group. The latest equipment used in building with prestressed concrete was shown, with illustrations of the outstanding structures designed by British architects and engineers in this country and abroad. Also on show were the winning designs in a competition organised last year by the Group at the suggestion of the then Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, for an elevated motorway. Drawings and models were exhibited. Prestressed concrete was developed on the Continent and was introduced to this country only twelve years ago. Much development has gone on since then in Britain, particularly in the field of equipment.

A PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION: It shows the B.T.C. goods shed at Spekeland Road, Liverpool. The consulting engineers were A. J. and J. D. Harris. The arch sections were constructed by Costain Concrete Ltd., and the columns and struts by the Norwest Construction Co. Ltd.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A NEW BRIDGE IN PERSIA: The Pahlavi Foundation Bridge spans the River Karun at Khorramshahr. It is being completed this month by the constructors, the Cementation Group of Companies, who have their headquarters in London.

On right—

VISITING BRITAIN: In London, Ja'afar Behbehanian (left), Director-General of the Pahlavi Foundation of Persia, looks at a picture of an hotel which is to be built near Teheran by the Cementation Group of Companies at a cost of £3,500,000. Others in the picture from left to right are: Mr. K. Zafar, a Persian architect; Mr. P. Massarik, the Middle East Manager for Cementation; and Mr. C. F. Grundy, the Managing Director of the Group.

COMPLETING A NEW BRIDGE IN PERSIA

WORK is in progress on the construction of the last pier of the Pahlavi Foundation Bridge over the Karun in Persia. The bridge was designed to link more closely the island of Abadan with the port of Khorramshahr. Standing near the junction of the Shatt-el-Arab and the Karun, the port is of great significance to Persia. It provides a key railway junction with the major cities of the interior of the country, including Teheran, and is closely connected with the oil centre of Abadan. The bridge is due to be officially opened on March 1 by the Shah. Designed and constructed by the Cementation Group of Companies, the bridge has an overall length of about 2,000 ft. Its five river-spans total 827 ft. and the width is 35 ft. The construction is in steel and reinforced concrete. Building started in September 1958 and is being completed eight months ahead of schedule.

A STEAM-RAISING UNIT IS LIFTED INTO POSITION: At the Hinkley Point Nuclear Power Station in Somerset, the 385-ton steel shell is lifted to be conveyed across the site. *Left*—The unit is moved by a giant 400-ton Goliath crane.

PROGRESS AT HINKLEY POINT POWER STATION

At the beginning of January the first of the twelve steam-raising units was lifted into position at the Hinkley Point nuclear power station. The move was made using the 400-ton Goliath crane, which is 250 ft. high, runs on its own rails and straddles the site. Each of the units is 90 ft. long, 21½ ft. in diameter, and when equipped for operation, with over 27 miles of internal tubing, will weigh 1,200 tons. The event took place a few days after the second anniversary of the start of construction at Hinkley Point—the world's first 500 MW atomic power station—which is being erected by the English Electric-Babcock and Wilcox-Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group for the Central Electricity Generating Board. It is expected that the first reactor will become critical towards the end of 1961 and that the station will be in commission in 1962. The second, third and fourth steam-raising units are being fabricated in workshops on the site, and the reactor building is nearly finished.

The World of Books

THE OLD ORDER IN RUSSIA

Two Books of Reminiscences of a Bygone Age; a British Expert on the Development of Palestine; Essays by an Eminent Historian; a Novel to Enjoy and Remember

FROM the old order in Russia come two of this week's most absorbing books of reminiscence and, in spite of the similarity of their sources, they are as different as can be from each other. The MEMOIRS (Chatto and Windus. 30s.) of M. Alexandre Benois, artist, famous creator of ballet decors and friend of so many among the Russian intelligentsia, are written with a vividness and spirit which are all the more incredible when one reflects that M. Benois is now in his ninetieth year and that the present recollections come to an end, with the volume, when the writer was twenty. If ever anyone was gifted with total recall, it must have been Alexandre Benois, whose great-nephew, Mr. Peter Ustinov, writes in his introduction: " At the age of eighty-nine . . . no artery of opinion has ever hardened. He is as capable of being enchanted by the most modern of artistic utterances as ever he was by a Verdi aria or a baroque ornament. He has derived some benefit from all the ages of man . . ."

Benois now lives in Paris, but the city that he has loved most is the one he still calls St. Petersburg and it was there that he spent the happy childhood he describes in this volume, with his parents and his eight brothers and sisters, his uncles, his aunts and all the aunts and uncles to whom they were married. Although, as the writer explains, the family had no drop of Russian blood in their veins, " this has not prevented us from becoming purely Russian, not only by citizenship and language . . . but also in our ways of life and certain characteristics." This book has been written in Russian as Alexandre Benois' " native, most familiar language," and this is a good moment to comment on the fact that the translation, by Baroness Moura Budberg, has been made with quite exceptional delicacy and accuracy.

Benois is known as the companion of such figures as Diaghilev, Fokine, Stravinsky, Karsavina and Chagall, but if he is to write of these friendships it will be in a further volume for which we can only hope. The book that we may read here and now is generous enough in its colour, its vitality and its diamond-clear picture of a Russia that has vanished.

The intellectual life of books, music, ballet and the theatre, a world of painting, sound and words is in complete contrast to the world described by Prince Serge Obolensky in his autobiography, ONE MAN IN HIS TIME (Hutchinson. 25s.). Perhaps the greatest difference between the two books is that M. Benois, not to put too fine a point upon it, writes better than Prince Serge. But nevertheless, these Russian-European-American reminiscences are extraordinarily readable. Obolensky was born to riches and a very high social position. He was an officer in a crack regiment and his relations were the glittering stars of Gotha. The Russian Revolution scattered, ruined and decimated them but life remained to be lived, friendships continued among the survivors of the old regime and the exponents of the new, and work had to be found to maintain some sort of existence. As Obolensky tells it in this book, that existence was something more than tolerable. Behind him he had a dazzling youth, an Oxford education, the terror of the Revolution, during which he spent seven months in disguise in Moscow, service with the anti-Bolshevik Tartars in South Russia and a thousand other adventures. In the present was his wife, a much older Russian princess, who soon parted from him, and the necessity of earning a living. There were also the practically limitless opportunities for gaiety which Mayfair offered in the 1920's to a young man of his looks, breeding and social accomplishments.

Later he was to go to the United States and marry Miss Astor, and later still to make a successful career in the luxury hotel business, to discard his title, to join up in the American Army and to become a paratrooper on active duty. This is an immensely colourful life, full of good stories and sprinkled with the kind of allusions that some people find tiresome, to the Lauras and Chips and Fredas and Eddies. There is courage and good sense and there is also frivolity and a constant preoccupation with the party side of life. But, by and large, it is readable in the extreme and would provide the material for at least four motion pictures.

MIDDLE EAST DIARY—1917 to 1956 (Cresset Press. 35s.) is Colonel R. Meinertzhagen's own account of his long association with Palestine and Israel from the days of Allenby to the Suez crisis. He was on Lord Allenby's staff in the First World War and since then has been successively a member of the Peace Delegation, Chief Political Officer in Palestine and Military Adviser on the Middle East at the Colonial Office. He saw through the first difficult stages of the Palestine Mandate and developed an enduring sympathy for the Zionist movement. Colonel Meinertzhagen has known such figures as Chaim Weizmann and Lawrence of Arabia and, since his book is based on his own diaries and on contemporary letters, there is great freshness and pungency in his comments on the famous as well as on some of the British officials who earned his censure.

I hardly need to add that there is not a dull moment in this uneven but always lively book of memories.

TRUTH AND OPINION (Collins. 16s.) is a collection of historical essays by Miss C. V. Wedgwood, in which the first and longer part is devoted to a study of the writing of history and the relation of history to life. Must the historian, as the author puts it, like an old-fashioned writer for the young, be for ever pointing out the lesson as well as telling the story? In other words, isn't the tacit message from the creative writer to the reader: " Work it out for yourself "? From an examination of such theories Miss Wedgwood turns to a sheaf of essays on seventeenth-century scenes and characters, the period with which she is chiefly identified as an historian. A thoughtful, sound and pleasant book which could almost be used as a complementary work to her historical biographies and other works.

A FAMOUS PERSONALITY IN BALLET: Posing in the Savoy Hotel is Serge Lifar, the Russian-born choreographer, in London to appear on B.B.C. television and to make arrangements for his part in this year's Edinburgh Festival. It is understood that a film is to be made of his life in the near future. Born in Kiev, Ukraine, in 1905, Serge Lifar first appeared in London in 1924.

There are some novelists who, deservedly, have the reputation of best-sellers and the fame and flourish that go with that. Others, who sell in far smaller quantities, are still the pets of a highly articulate group of admirers and are therefore widely known if not as widely read. There is also the kind of novelists who write very, very well indeed, have an impeccable style and a rare eye for character, situation and scene but are not accorded the fame they should have. Such a one, in my view, is Miss Olivia Manning, who may not in the least care that her name is not a household word but is a novelist of very considerable stature.

Her new book is THE GREAT FORTUNE (Heinemann. 16s.) and its setting is Bucharest during the " phoney war " and the months of disaster when Dunkirk is evacuated and Paris and all France falls. Such is the power of Miss Manning's descriptive writing that I found myself obsessed in all seriousness that I would not now need to visit Bucharest because I knew exactly what it was like. On second thoughts I am not sure that I don't know it better from this powerful novel than if I had visited it in reality and in flesh. The group of characters who not only people the action but symbolise some of the aspects of defeat and victory, democracy or totalitarianism, are wonderfully well drawn: the seedy Russian prince, the newspaper men, the thirsty hangers-on, the dewy-eyed English lecturer and his slightly acidulous young wife—all these people are quite as real as true acquaintances, and some of them make far more impact. Altogether, a book to enjoy and even more, a book to remember.

TWO PERSONS SINGULAR (Macmillan. 16s.) is the first novel by Miss Joyce Howard and quite an impressive one it is. The background is a tenement house in Portobello Road kept by an old Jewish woman who behaves like a friendly despot to her more or less permanent lodgers. As can be imagined, this is not a subject or atmosphere which can be handled with sentiment, and the most candid and compassionate treatment will suffice and that is what Miss Howard has provided. Her story of young love and frail, short-lived happiness is told with great restraint, and I thought her novel had real poignancy.

Tom and Lydia Davis have written a story about a Polynesian island, its people and its visitors, which reads less like fiction than like transposed fact but which is nevertheless, highly agreeable reading. MAKUTU (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is, it appears, a form of island magic by which an enemy may be " wished " to death and is used in the dramatic highlight of a book which is otherwise a more placid record of life in an idyllic spot. The authors have lived in the South Seas and have known actual instances of *makutu*, an eerie circumstance which does not, however, shadow their fresh and delightful book.

OLIMPIA (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) is an oddly disjointed novel by Mr. Burt Cole about Barcelona, and about a beautiful woman, mercenary beyond the dreams of gold-diggers but beloved in spite of all by a young Basque. Since he cannot really afford Olimpia he represents himself to be the agent for a rich nobleman who desires her and by a trick or two of this sort gets Olimpia for him. The lady discovers the plot, however, and takes revenge, in a manner both macabre and grotesque. A very unexpected, with amusing moments and the Spanish local colour as thick as *turron*.

SUBTERFUGE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Charles Eric Maine's newest adventure story in the manner of science fiction and it is the best of his that I have yet read. From a jaunty opening, concerned with newspaper reporters and their girl friends to the extraordinary " scoop " about a ballistics expert who also has theories about the human brain, the story fairly rockets along and Mr. Maine can count one more chilled and admiring fan among his readers.

Mr. A. A. Fair, also known far and wide as Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner, has written another good detective story (as opposed to thriller) about his pair of California operatives, the vast Miss Bertha Cool and the pint-sized but highly effective Mr. Donald Lam. PASS THE GRAVY

KING ARTHUR'S ENGLAND

A Problem Period of Early English History

Who was King Arthur and what was the measure of his influence upon his age, when Roman power decayed and the Saxon tide began to rise in Britain? It is not likely that we shall ever know; but Geoffrey Ashe, a historian with an obvious addiction to this era, in which history begins to loom from the mists of legend, brings together some evidence in favour of a very real Arthur, the Christian warrior who led the kings of Britain against the Saxon kings of Kent. He calls his book FROM CÆSAR TO ARTHUR (Collins. 21s.). King Arthur figures widely in place names and local legends. As far north as Perth we discover Arthur's Fold and Arthur's Stone. Outside Edinburgh is Arthur's Seat. Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, is a shrine of the Arthurian legend. His treasure is concealed in Caernarvon by Marchlyn Mawr, " dazzling the occasional wanderer who stumbles upon it." Cadbury Castle, in Somerset, overlooking the Vale of Avalon, has been held at least since the sixteenth century to be the true Camelot. There is Arthur's Hall on Bodmin Moor. If you care to seek southward across the English Channel in Brittany the legend has almost the same force.

Roman Britain came first, then Anglo-Saxon England. Between the two there is only a sort of blurred borderline. But it was a period of 250 years when the fate of England was in doubt. We must agree with Mr. Ashe that such a period cannot be written off as " mere transition." If that were so, we could speak of Britain's entire development since William of Orange as a transition from the Stuart Monarchy to the Welfare State. It seems clear that Mr. Ashe has well made the point that Arthur must not be dismissed as a mere figment of legend.

The first English translation of the complete and unabridged Memoirs of Casanova is being issued in six volumes, the third of them being THE ETERNAL QUEST (Putnam, Elek Books. 30s.). There is probably no need to say very much about the quest of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt. He was a very busy man. But it would be a mistake to underestimate these memoirs. They are clever, interesting and cynical in their portrayal of eighteenth-century manners. They reveal the author's character, but are probably unreliable in relation to facts. The recital of Casanova's love affairs is almost as monotonous as the average column in certain Sunday newspapers, but there are moments in these memoirs that are delightful. Volumes four, five, and six, " Adventures in the South," " In London and Moscow " and " Spanish Passions," may reveal more variety amid the monotony.

Japanese flower arrangement is an ancient art, and the history, manners, and customs of Japan are closely associated with its development. Dods Bebb has made a study of this subject, and clearly understands the meaning behind the classic arrangements. Her book JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT (Collingridge. 21s.) owes much of its excellences to a series of photographs which the author has sponsored. One feels that when the summer and autumn are over, nature's abundance provides this author with many worthwhile ideas for decorating the home.

IRST STAGE PRODUCTION IN BRITAIN: In Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, *Oedipus Rex*, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, Tiresias is sung by David Ward, who wears a stylised mask. The opera has been heard in London before in a concert version.

STYLISED PRODUCTION: In *Oedipus Rex* Alberto Remedios appears as the Shepherd. The first professional performance of the full stage version of the opera-oratorio was given in England at Sadler's Wells last Friday, in a double bill with Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*. The production is by the famous French director, Michel Saint-Denis, Inspector-General of the French Theatre, who directed the production of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* for the Old Vic, during the 1945-46 season. The designs, which emphasise the archaic, stylised nature of the Stravinsky version of Sophocles, are by the Algerian artist, Abd'Elkader Farrah. At the same time he has been designing *Don Giovanni* for the Strasbourg Opera House. The text of the opera is by Jean Cocteau, translated into Latin by J. Danielou, using this language to emphasise the remoteness and, at the same time, universality of the Greek legend. Ronald Dowd sings Oedipus, Monica Sinclair Jocasta, and Raimund Herincx takes the double role of the Messenger and Creon.

STRAVINSKY'S OPERA AND PHILIPPINE DANCERS

PHILIPPINE DANCERS IN LONDON: In splendid costumes, Roasalinda Anido plays the Princess and Carmelita Ramos her attendant in the Muslim suite. *Right*—Leaping high in the air is Alfonso Guino-o in the stick dance. His partner is Hana Gomez. The Philippine Dance Company are at present appearing at the Palace Theatre. In their show, entitled *Bayanihan*, there is a wide diversity of styles of dancing. The choreography is drawn from the primitive tribesmen of the north in Luzon; from the south where a Muslim culture prevails; and from the Spanish colonial culture in the central islands. Each of these styles is demonstrated in a suite in the first half of the programme. The second part is concerned with a danced representation of the peasant life in the rice-growing country and with regional variations in styles. There are Spanish instrumental and Malayan percussion types of music.

(*Continued from previous page*)

Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) has the familiar staccato style of his master, or masters, of the crime story, and I should say that it could be guaranteed to keep one happily away rom work for several consecutive hours.

THE FACE OF THE TIGER (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 6d.) is by that excellent American writer of whodunits, Miss Ursula Curtiss, and it is right up to standard in its risp but creepy way. Setting: a country club in Connecti-ut. Characters: credible. Atmosphere: a pendulum wing between luxurious ease and sheer terror. Recom-ended.

JUSTICE FOR JUDY (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's little bit of fun about a dilettante ho takes to murder. The story has been described else-here as "gruesomely jovial" and I find that both riginal and apt as a description. The elegant—and engthy—theorising about crime will not appeal to those ho enjoy the succinctness of, say, Raymond Chandler, ut this more deliberate manner will have its devotees, oo, no doubt.

Vernon Fane.

Robert Penn Warren is a novelist of power who rites about power and all its implications. Often elodramatic, he nevertheless commands attention. His elebrated novel ALL THE KING'S MEN is now eprinted in a new edition. At the same time AT EAVEN'S GATE, a novel not hitherto published in ll in Britain, is made available. Penn Warren has an asy-flowing style, a very strong visual sense, and a great ontrol over action and narrative. He is worthy of the onour of this special edition. The two volumes are ublished by Eyre and Spottiswoode, each priced at 18s.

The Grand Tour of Europe by caravan brings with anxieties as well as rewards, the anxieties of manœuvring mparatively heavy equipment through unknown towns nd villages, and the rewards of living much closer to e people than when moving from hotel to hotel. alph Gregory has written an admirable guide-book, ARAVAN IN EUROPE (Stanley Paul. 21s.). He has ade it a combination of vital technical data for the aravanner and of travel information of general interest. ome excellent maps detail the more worthwhile routes.

ADVENTURERS FOR GOD (Hodder and oughton. 16s.) is the work of Clarence Hall, who has rought together in one volume tales of modern missionary eroism in many corners of the world. The stories were rst published in *The Readers Digest*, and are now eprinted with up-to-date material. Many people may e surprised at the broad sweep of modern-day Christian issionary enterprise. It represents both the larger and naller church groupings and is concerned, in the first stance, with health and welfare rather than conversion the old-fashioned sense. This is an inspiring work kely to have more than one sequel. **R. C. E.**

ALL SORTS OF PIPES

A Collection in Hertfordshire

People collect many kinds of objects. Mr. Shillitoe, a solicitor in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, and the Coroner for the district, collects pipes. He has more than 700 of them, assembled since he was a youth. Almost every kind is represented. There are pipes from North America, from Europe and from the Orient. They are made of wood, clay, porcelain, meerschaum, ivory, glass, horn, metals, or of cane. Some are just plain pipes, others are fantastically carved or shaped to depict native beliefs or customs.

Just before the last world war, Mr. Shillitoe, with his collection of pipes, made an appearance on television. As a result people from all over the country sent him additions to his collection. Impressed by the Shillitoe collection and with the owner's enthusiasm, a Mr. A. Unwin presented Mr. Shillitoe with about 300 pipes he himself had collected over the years. The gift almost doubled the collection, which since then has grown gradually to its present impressive size.

A PIPE-COLLECTING CORONER: Amid a variety of pipes, of all shapes and sizes, Mr. F. G. Shillitoe, a solicitor of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, sits with a churchwarden pipe in his mouth. Mr. Shillitoe, the Coroner of Hitchin, began his collection when he was still in his teens and he now has more than 700 pipes. They are kept in a room above his office, and are probably the finest collection in the country.

On left—

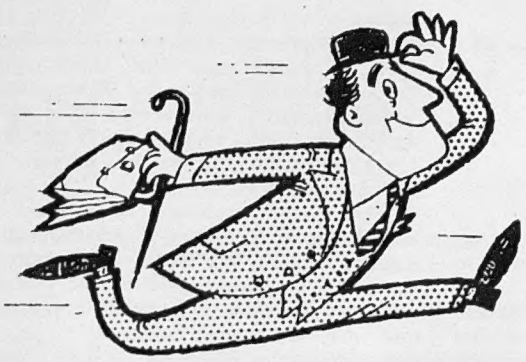
ONE OF THE COLLECTION: The pipe is of French origin and dates from the eighteenth century. Made of clay, the design shows a soldier thumbing his nose at the Duke of Wellington.

INTRIGUING DESIGNS: The North American Indian pipe, made from slate, depicts a European turning his back on the belief that Indians could extricate secrets from the tongue of an animal. *Right*—A meerschaum depicts a cavalry charge of the 1850's.

AN INTRICATE TANGLE OF PIPING: The smoke must travel 13 ft. through the coils from bowl to mouthpiece. The pipe was made in 1750 by Pratt, in a Staffordshire pottery, from glazed porcelain.

On left—

A BOWL FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK: The "seven-day" pipe dates from around 1880. The large bowl at the end is said to be for Sunday smoking. Made of clay, the pipe was acquired from a public house in Stevenage, not far from Mr. Shillitoe's office.



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POPULARITY OF MOTOR-CARAVANS

A New Range of Vans; Prospects for Ford's; A New Version of the Victor; Death on the Roads; News of Motor Sport

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MOTOR-CARAVANS are growing in popularity all the time in Britain. Martin Walter Ltd., the Folkestone van conversion specialists, announce that they have now converted 10,000 Vauxhall-built Bedford vans mostly into Dormobile caravans, and that current output is 200 a week. British European Airways have extended their car hire plan to include motor-caravans and passengers may now arrange to have holiday vehicles of this type waiting for them as they land at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Inverness or Amsterdam. These four-berth motor-caravans are delivered free to the airport. In Britain they cost £5 a day with a minimum period of seven days. On the Continent the charge is surprisingly lower: £3 10s. 6d. a day, also with a minimum hiring period of seven days.

But the biggest motor-caravan news for a long time is the decision of the Rootes Group to market a Commer caravan. It is one of nineteen variants in a new range of 1½-litre, forward-control vans which were announced by Lord Rootes. Of pleasing appearance and with clever use made of every inch of space, these new Commer caravans are available with two or four berths, and with a choice of petrol or diesel engines.

With petrol engine the four-berth model costs £915, the two-berth model £850. One of the attractions of these vehicles is that they do not rank for purchase tax, yet they give excellent double service as a seven-seat car, offering comfortable travel at useful cruising speeds and, at journey's end, easy conversion into a caravan with cooking, eating and sleeping facilities.

I have tried out one of these Commer caravans and was surprised at the way it handled. The driving position is first class, with a remarkably good field of vision. Control of the four-speed gear-box is easy and precise, the steering gives perfect confidence and the brakes seem equal to all emergencies. You get a wonderful view of the countryside from the relatively high seats in these caravans. Another of the many different models in this new Commer range of interest to motorists is an eight-seat station wagon which, because it ranks for purchase tax, is the dearest model: £1,158 with diesel engine. The new Commers are the first commercial vehicles of their kind to be made available from the start with a choice of petrol or diesel engine. Other outstanding features include unitary construction; independent front suspension; and a choice of sliding or hinged doors.

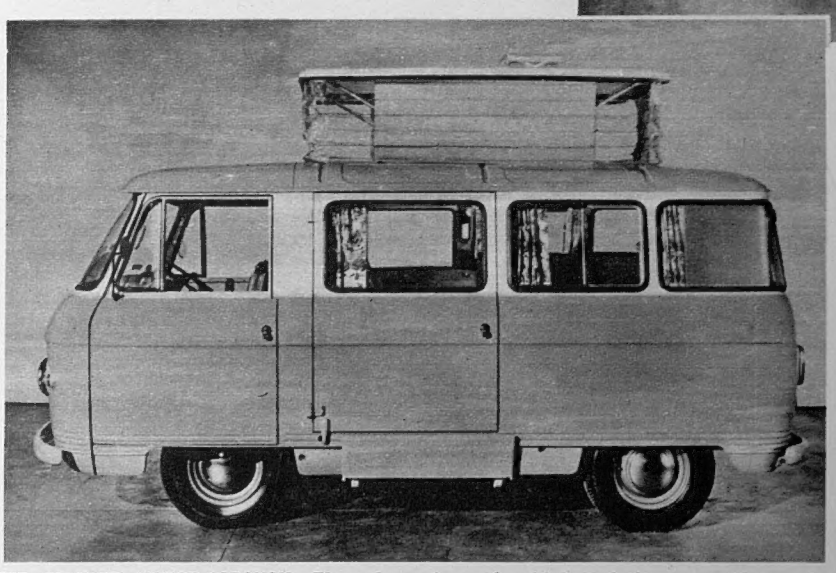
The Ford Motor Co. report record production and exports in 1959 in spite of the change from the old Anglia model to the new. The American-controlled Dagenham firm built 469,000 cars, trucks and tractors. That is 52,000 more than in 1958, the firm's previous best year. It is a remarkable production achievement, and Ford's success in foreign markets is no less impressive. They exported 241,000 vehicles, a 12 per cent. increase on the 1958 figures. Their best foreign market was the U.S., where the sales of their cars and light vans rose 28 per cent. to a record of 46,500.

Fords are making good use of their new paint, trim and assembly plant at Dagenham and output of the new Anglia is now averaging more than 700 a day. Up to the end of December, 48,000 had been built, and 23,000 were sold on the home market. There are all the signs of a first-class production and sales battle in 1960 between the Ford Anglia and the new front-wheel-drive baby cars of the British Motor Corporation, the Austin Seven and the Morris Mini-Minor. For these revolutionary little four-seat saloons a peak production of 1,600 a day is planned for the middle of 1960. They are built on two separate assembly lines, the Austins at Birmingham, the Morrises at Cowley.

Fords do not currently possess the production resources to match this figure. That is one of the reasons they are embarking on a further expansion programme costing £45,000,000. The Board of Trade wants them and other expanding car firms to open factories in areas of greatest unemployment instead of extending their present plants, which is naturally what they would prefer to do. Among these "development" areas are Scotland and South Wales.

Even more remarkable than the popularity of the new Ford Anglia, unconventional though it is in design features, is the demand for the new Popular, which is the old Anglia under a new name, with a lower price and less lavish equipment. At £494, including tax, this three-speed, side-valve family saloon is cheaper by £3 than the Austin Seven or Morris Mini-Minor, though there is no comparison of course between the two models as far as modernity of design is concerned. I understand that more than 20,000 of the new Populars had been built by the end of 1959—twice the number planned.

FORWARD-CONTROL VANS: Some of the variants in a new range of nineteen 1½-litre vehicles are on the final assembly line at the Rootes Group commercial vehicle plant at Dunstable. Included is a Commer motor-caravan with a choice of petrol or diesel engine.



THE COMMER MOTOR-CARAVAN: The telescopic roof, which includes a ventilator, is extended to give maximum head-room. The caravan is available with either two or four berths. Equipment includes a sink unit, cooker and cupboards.

A new version of the 1½-litre Victor is announced by Vauxhall, but it is for export only, and aimed particularly at the North American market. It is being made in two versions: a saloon, to be known as the Envoy, and an estate car which has been named the Sherwood. One interesting fact about these new export-only Luton models, some 2,000 of which had already been built by the end of 1959, is that they will be sold in competition with the normal Victor. In the U.S. and Canada the Victor is handled only by the Packard division of General Motors, of which Vauxhall is a subsidiary. I should not be surprised if the new Victor, with its different name, has been put into production so that it can be sold by other G.M. divisions, whose dealers may have been complaining about not being allowed a share of the rising Victor sales. The Envoy and Sherwood will first be placed on sale in Canada, where Vauxhalls last year sold 34,000 vehicles—an increase of 131 per cent. The Luton firm's car production last year totalled 157,365, 32 per cent. up on 1958. Car exports, at 95,969, rose 20 per cent.

Britain's Christmas road accident figures came as a shock even to those who have resigned themselves to a gradual increase in casualties with some 10,000 new cars coming on to the roads every week (plus a large number of new commercial vehicles). In England and Wales alone 147 people were killed in four days, the worst day (and the blackest in the whole history of British motoring) being Christmas Eve, when there were sixty-six fatalities, thirty more than on December 24, 1958. The total for the four days was sixty-one more than in the same period of 1958.

The figures prompted some plain speaking by Brigadier R. F. E. Stoney, director-general of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. He was apparently so disappointed by the seeming failure of the Society's national road safety campaigns that he used what many people considered to be rather extravagant language in criticising motorists without making any attempt to analyse the accidents or to indicate how most of them were caused. In a statement to the Press, Brigadier Stoney suggested that the main reason for the grim Christmas accident figures was the "mounting contempt for the law and its enforcement which is being displayed throughout the country." He alleged that far too many people ignore speed limits. "They stamp on the accelerator between lights," he said, and added: "It is time for a national crusade. We are forgetting our Christian principles on the road. It cannot go on."

Brigadier Stoney did not mention drink, but at least one writer in a national newspaper came out strongly on the subject. He suggested in plain terms that drink causes many more fatal accidents than the official statistics suggest, and that drink was undoubtedly largely responsible for the disturbing increase in the Christmas holiday figures. I have since been reading a brochure entitled *Motorised Drunkenness*, published by the London Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society. It is a frightening document, analysing recent contributions on this subject to leading medical and legal publications and by responsible contributors to the correspondence columns of the Press.

One of the most serious conclusions reached by the compiler of the brochure is that official statistics do not appear to reveal more than between 5 and 10 per cent. of the incidence of accidents in which alcohol is the most important contributory factor. This may be an exaggeration, but the dangers of drinking while driving are self-evident. The heavy drinker is not the only menace at the wheel. Equally dangerous, in his own way, is the man to whom a few drinks give a false sense of confidence.

There has been a lot of news lately about motor sport. The fabulous Monte Carlo Rally finishes this week-end; the Ferodo Trophy has been presented to the Midlands firm which builds the Coventry-Climax engines for racing cars; Kent County Council has approved an extension to the Brands Hatch circuit from 1·24 miles to 2·6 miles at a cost of £30,000; and there are signs that the new Junior Formula, for single-seat racers using standard production engines, will prove very popular in Britain and provide some exciting racing. The choice of Coventry-Climax for the Ferodo award has been widely acclaimed. They have designed and built the engines with which Cooper Cars have gained all their many successes, including the world manufacturers' championship. It is good to know that Mr. Leonard Lee, chairman and managing director of Coventry-Climax, has had a 1½-litre unit designed for the new Formula next year, and that this engine will probably be tried out later this year to get it *au point* for 1961.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP seems a fitting caption for this week's column seeing that 1960 is a leap year, though, in passing, I feel I should be, expressing the wishes of most people by saying what a pity that "bonus" day, February 29, could not be June 31! In the latter end of January many people who have not already made their plans are realising that holiday planning is beginning to assume a sense of urgency.

It is my experience that parents with children of school age tend to make their bookings for the following year prior to leaving their hotel in the preceding year; and they are probably wise not to change from a holiday venue which fits in with family needs.

This week I am more concerned with those who have no family ties and can therefore exercise more elasticity in choice of date and location. To them I would like to offer a few tips.

Having decided on the type of holiday that you would like this year and more or less decided on the locality, try to give the hotels on your short list of possibles some choice as regards the actual date. You can have no idea the headache the reception staff of hotels have in trying to fit in specific dates to suit their enquirers. A few days fore and aft often makes all the difference.

And here is another tip. Don't travel at week-ends if you can help it and, though I know it is convenient for some holiday hotels to accept bookings only on a Saturday to Saturday basis, the outgoing and incoming traffic at week-ends lead to many of the traffic jams that have been getting steadily worse as more cars come on the roads. I am sure most people as they grow older want to vary their holidays; and to such I would say "look before you leap" in that, once you have a fairly clear picture of what you would like to do and where you would like to go, you would do better to write me asking my advice than relying on friends who may still be enthusiastic about some hotel which has long since changed in ownership and character.

For those who have in mind something different from the normal seaside resort, I will throw out a few suggestions without any attempt to cover what is a very wide field.

If you are undecided about whether to go on the Continent or stay at home, why not compromise by going to the Channel Isles, where one can enjoy the best of two worlds? French *patois*, Continental and English cuisine and, in a number of hotels, an Italian or Austrian staff. Unlike our mainland, there are not the same difficulties of importing foreign staff for the season. Whether it is due to the Gulf Stream or not, it is quite significant how powerful the rays of the sun are in these friendly islands. Which is the best hotel to go to? So much depends upon taste and, in this limited space, I can but touch on some of the hotels I am happy to recommend.

Old friends are best, and in Jersey I have a friendly affection extending over a number of years for St. Brelade's Bay Hotel, which is well-situated overlooking a perfect curve of silver sand—an ideal choice for Easter or soon after. During the past few months additional bedrooms have been added and quite a large proportion of private bathrooms have been installed, as well as a lift to all floors. Owned by the Colley family for over a hundred years, this hotel continues to develop to meet changing demands, so, whether your inclinations run to dancing or drowsing, sailing, water ski-ing or snoozing, it is the type of hotel where there are niches for every mood. Guernsey, I suppose, has even more French characteristics than Jersey and, in this "Green Isle," that first-class hotel, Old Government House, is able to offer 46 private bathrooms to its 74 bedrooms, plus a delightful position at St. Peter Port overlooking harbour and sea. Then, the Manor Hotel at Petit Bot will appeal to those who seek a friendly holiday hotel which each year seems to add to its stature and prestige; while for those who prefer the smaller, more intimate type I would suggest La Collinette at St. Peter Port, where Mr. and Mrs. Denys Foster have perfected the atmosphere of a country-house party.

But for an entirely different type of holiday, where time knows no bounds, secure your reservation early at The White House Hotel on the Isle of Herm; half an hour by motor-launch from St. Peter Port. Here, if you are content with sea and sunshine, peace and quiet, this tiny island is ideal.

Back again to Jersey, for some additional holiday suggestions. The north coast of the island is, in the view of many photographically-minded visitors, the more picturesque, and certainly there is more seclusion to be had.

Travelling eastwards round the coast, one comes to Gorey, where the medieval castle and the little harbour are the showpieces. At the foot of the former and overlooking the latter is the Moorings Hotel, which Group-Captain and Mrs. Harrison have put firmly on the gastronomic map.

Then, a country-house hotel—a fifteenth-century manor, in fact—Longueville Manor Hotel, a mile from St. Helier. Modern comforts are well to the fore here, because the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, have always made a point of ensuring that their hotel is comfortable and properly equipped.

To conclude, here are some other hotels of varying sizes and prices on the southern and western shores of this delightful island.

ST. HELIER—*Beaufort Hotel.* A country-house type of hotel almost in the centre of the town. A pleasant garden and only a few minutes' walk from sea and shops.

ST. AUBIN—*Old Court House.* At the side of the harbour and close to the Yacht Club, this is a sheltered, sunny hotel where special attention is paid to the cuisine.

ST. CLEMENT'S BAY—*Hotel Ambassadeur.* A most modern and up-to-date hotel this, with luxury and individual comforts as the keynotes.

CORBIERE—*Le Chalet Hotel.* The running of this hotel is in experienced Austrian hands, the atmosphere is Continental and the situation and luxurious layout most unusual.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BOURNEMOUTH. ROYAL BATH HOTEL***
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CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

DARTMOUTH, S. DEVON TOWNSTAL HOUSE HOTEL
has a beautiful situation, good food and every comfort. Own garden produce. Recommended by the A.A., R.A.C., and *Good Food Guide.* Tel.: 421.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
facing sea with own golf course, tennis, putting and croquet, is a holiday resort in itself, IN ALL SEASONS. Excellent cuisine and service. All bedrooms with private bathrooms. Billiards. Ballroom. Lift. Cocktail lounge. Tel.: 67441.

JERSEY, C.I., ST. HELIER. BEAUFORT HOTEL
A quietly-positioned town house, three minutes' walk from sea and shops. Pleasant garden. Continental cuisine. Cocktail Bar. Tel.: Central 1109.

JERSEY, C.I. HOTEL AMBASSADEUR
Facing full south with first-class cuisine and service, private bathrooms and resident orchestra. A.A.**** Own beach entrance.

JERSEY, C.I. NEAR ST. HELIER. Close sea, sport, entertainment
LONGUEVILLE MANOR HOTEL (1st. Reg.)
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LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
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SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
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I blanch the bubbled highway of my wake."

"The Ship"—J. MASEFIELD

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